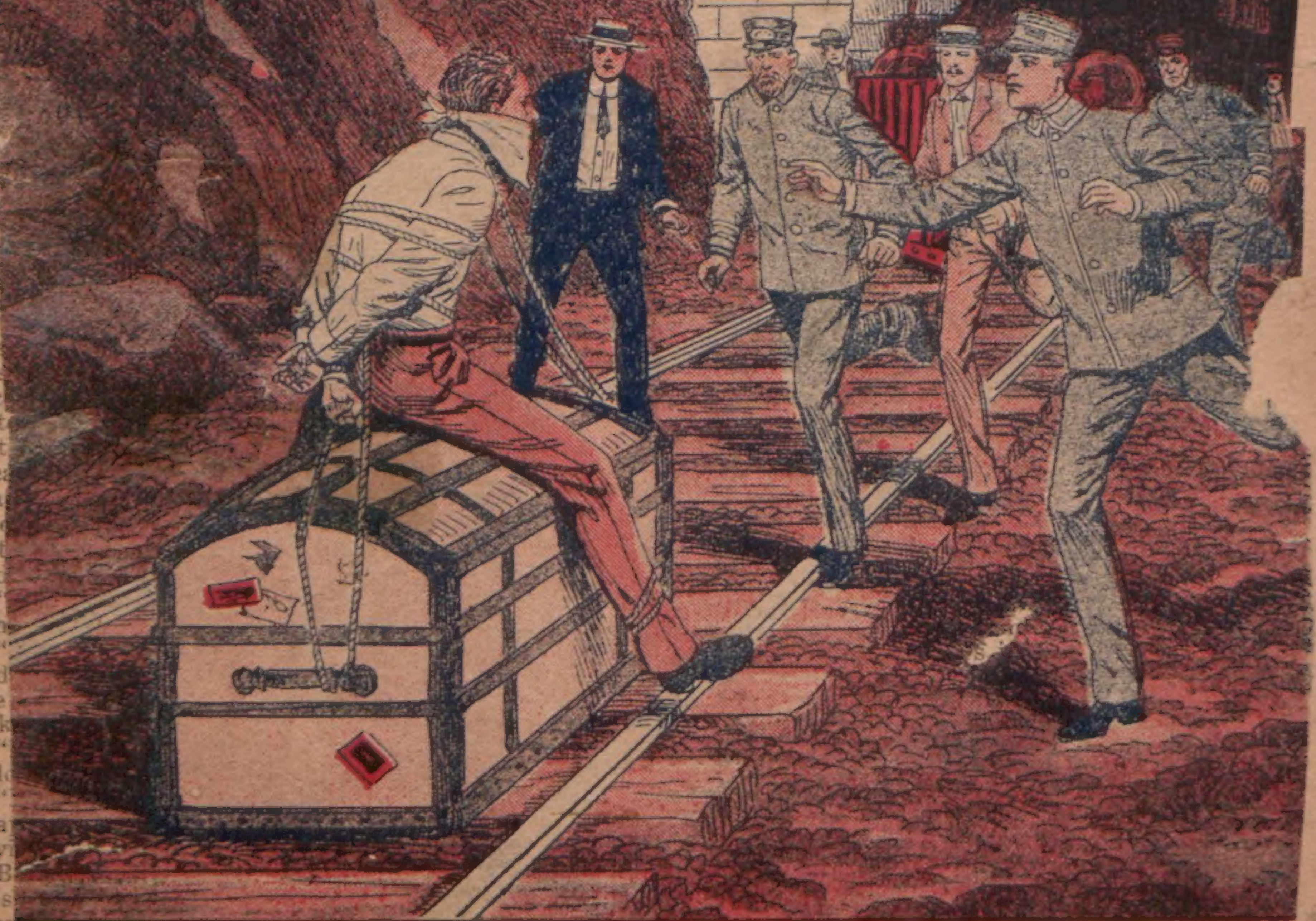


FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

SAM THE SALESMAN

OF THE BOY WITH THE SILVER TONGUE
AND OTHER STORIES



Sam, sitting astride the trunk, was helpless to speak or move. He saw the engine come out of the tunnel; but it stopped, and the passengers and train crew alighted and rushed toward him. All Sam's fears now left him.

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Are You Listening In? See RADIO, Page 24

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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SAM, THE SALESMAN

OR, THE BOY WITH THE SILVER TONGUE

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Sam.

"There's the station yonder and no sign of the train yet. I told you I'd lead you here well ahead of time," said a rustic looking lad named Bob, pointing to his companion on the seat.

"You've kept your word, Bob," said Sam Greene, a young traveling salesman, slapping the other on the back. "That nag of yours is aopper. He made first-rate time on the road." Sam's sample trunk was in the light wagon, and he had come over from the small town of Nasby, in a Western State, to catch a train on the trunk line at a wayside station about a mile from Nasby Village, which was hidden from sight at that point by a thick wood of tall trees, through which the road continued after crossing the tracks. The country round about was wild and rugged. The road over which Sam and his companion had come passed through a break in a big mountain range. A short distance below the station was a long, dark tunnel into which the steel rails of the D. & G. railroad disappeared eastward. Sam was going to take a west-bound local which followed the Kansas City and St. Jo afternoon express. The latter did not stop at the little station, and the signals as set indicated a clear track ahead for the flyer. Bob drove the wagon up to the platform of the station, and he and Sam sprang out. Between them they lifted out Sam's trunk and carried it about where they judged the baggage car would stop.

"Sorry I can't stay with you till the train comes, but dad told me to hurry back," said Bob.

"That's all right. I won't have to wait long. I dare say the agent is in his den. I can pass the time of day with him while I'm buying my ticket," said Sam.

"I hope I'll see you again some time," said Bob, holding out his hand.

"I hope so, too. You're a very entertaining chap," said Sam, shaking him by the hand and saying good-by.

Bob hopped into his wagon, started off at a brisk pace, and soon vanished from sight of Sam around a turn. The young salesman walked into the station to find the agent. There was no one in the small waiting-room, which was furnished with a round-bellied stove, out of commission at

that season of the year, long wooden seats attached to the walls, a framed time-table, and a couple of train notices. There was also a lamp with a reflector, high up in a corner, which illuminated the room after dark. The front door overlooked the tracks, while the rear door faced upon the mountain range.

The auto crossed the tracks and stopped. The ticket window was closed, as it wanted eighteen minutes yet of train time. As it was possible that the agent was inside attending to routine business, Sam rapped on the window, but he got no response. He then tried the door and found it locked. Sam walked out on the platform and looked toward a short siding on which stood two freight cars. No one appeared to be in their vicinity. With the mountains on one side, the tall, thick wood on the other, and the tunnel near by, with not a human being in sight, it was a pretty lonesome spot. Sam took his seat on his trunk and waited for the agent to show up. The young traveling salesman was in the employ of a Chicago house and was doing the West. He was doing it in a very satisfactory way, both as regarding his employers and himself. This was his second trip on the road. His ability to talk people into buying from him had earned for him the title of the boy with the silver tongue.

He was good looking, engaging and full of personal magnetism. When at home in Chicago he lived with his mother and two sisters. They missed him greatly when he was out on his business trips. If they could have had their way he would have used his silver tongue on customers at the store of his employers in the Windy City. Sam preferred to travel and see the country, and his employers preferred to have him do so. So he was now on a three months' trip, a third of which was over.

Sam thought a great deal of his mother and sisters, as a boy in his position ought, and while waiting for the train his thoughts went back to them. Suddenly he heard the clank, clank of a hand-car approaching from the direction opposite the tunnel. The car presently came into view. Four men were working the handles as fast as they could, and the rest of the car was filled with rough-looking men. Sam naturally took them for railroad hands. Up the road from the village

through the wood came a high-power automobile. Hand-car and auto both slowed up as they drew near the station. Two hard-looking men were in it. The hand-car stopped not far from where Sam sat, and all the men except those at the handles piled off. One of the men in the auto cried out:

"The express is due in eight minutes. Hurry up now and plant the torpedo at the other end of the tunnel. If you meet the track-walker you know what to do with him."

Off went the hand-car toward the mouth of the tunnel, and presently was lost to sight.

"Now, then," said the man, "get at the track with your crowbars and raise the forward end of two rails. Then roll that big rock yonder into the center of the roadbed. That will make a good bumper in case the locomotive gets that far."

The men started in to follow directions, and Sam watched them, wondering what they were up to. He had heard the order given to plant the torpedo at the other end of the tunnel. He knew that when urgent necessity rose to stop an oncoming train, generally to prevent it from running into and wrecking a stalled train ahead, a torpedo was strapped to the rails far enough in advance to enable the train to be brought to a full stop by the engineer. The torpedo was resorted to at some spot where there were no signals to answer the same purpose, or on a foggy night when signals were uncertain. In the present instance it was a clear afternoon, and there were signals set for a clear track at each end of the station fifty feet or so beyond the platform. Sam thought it would be easy for the presumed railroad men to change these signals to warning ones, but they made no attempt to do so. While he was watching the men at work on the track, the man who had done the talking got out of his car and approached the boy.

"Waiting for the west-bound local?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Sam, "what's the trouble on the line?"

"Washout down the road."

"Oh! Then I suppose all trains will be held up for a while?"

"We're only interested in holding up the Kansas City Express."

"But the local is following after it."

"We'll get through before the local arrives. Here comes the agent, boys. Nab him!"

The station-agent came hurrying up the village road. When he reached the tracks two men sprang upon him and bore him to the ground. In a jiffy he was bound, gagged and shoved aside. That was too much for Sam. His suspicions that all was not right was at once aroused.

"What did you treat the agent that way for?" he said, jumping up and addressing the leader of the business.

"What's that to you, young fellow? Sit down and keep quiet or we'll treat you the same way," said the man, in a threatening tone.

"You'd better not," said Sam, with some resolution.

"That's the way to talk, is it?" said the man. "I guess we'll use you to strengthen the bumper."

He seized the young salesman and called two of his men

"Get hold of his trunk and place it in front of the rock, a few feet in advance. Then come back and get this smart chap and tie him to the trunk, straddle fashion. You'd better gag him at the same time. When the engineer makes him out sitting in the middle of the track he'll make extra exertions to stop short."

Sam was staggered by those orders. He was now satisfied that these men could not be in the employ of the road, and that they had some sinister purpose in view in holding up the express. That purpose he believed was to rob the express car, and perhaps the passengers as well. In a word, these men were train robbers engaged in a holdup such as he had read about in the newspaper on more than one occasion.

He objected strongly to being made a party to the crime, and he put up a desperate struggle to free himself. The rascal who had hold of him, however, had muscles of steel, and though Sam was ordinarily no easy proposition to handle, he was like a child in the man's hands. His resistance amounted to nothing, and he was presently bound to his own trunk, and gagged, and left in a very perilous position, indeed. If the locomotive of the express was not stopped before it got far out of the tunnel. Sam saw his finish, and as he was full of life, as well as aspirations for the future, this situation he was placed in was not a little terrifying to him.

The men finished their work, and a moment or two later the hand-car returned with the men. They laughed in a brutal way when they saw Sam tied on his trunk in front of the bumper. The leader ordered the hand-car derailed and transferred to the other track, and this was done in a couple of minutes. At that moment a long whistle sifted through the tunnel. It came from the engine of the express.

"Out of sight, all of you," cried the leader.

The men made a rush for the bushes on both sides of the tracks and got out of sight, after taking the rifles that were handed to them out of the automobile. Sam, facing the mouth of the tunnel, awaited his fate in a state of great apprehension. He heard the muffled report of the torpedo in the distance, and the sharp whistles of "down brakes." Within a moment or two the locomotive would burst on his sight, and then—what?

CHAPTER II.—Sam's Silver Tongue Wins.

Sam, sitting astride the trunk, was helpless to move or speak. He saw the engine come out of the tunnel; but it stopped, and the passengers and train crew alighted and rushed toward him. All Sam's fears now left him. As the crowd closed in around him, regarding his peculiar predicament with amazement, the sharp crack of a revolver was heard, and out rushed the train robbers from the bushes. Three of them took up their position in front of the locomotive and aimed their rifles at the crowd of railroad men and passengers, their intention being to hold them at bay. Another man sprang into the cab to intimidate the engineer and fireman. The others made for the express car, where the clerk was standing in the open doorway.

Two of the robbers jumped into the car, pushing him back, and ordered him, under pain of instant death, to open the safe, which contained a large sum of money, full knowledge of which the robbers seemed to have. The clerk hesitated until he saw that his life would be sacrificed, and then he obeyed the order. The bandits went through the safe in a twinkling, shoving its contents into a couple of sacks, after which, leaving the clerk bound in his chair, they sprang out of the car and joined their leader. Sam had been released in the meanwhile and told his story. He pointed out the spot where the agent lay bound and gagged in the bushes, but when two of the train hands went to release the man they were ordered back by the robbers.

"Too bad we can't get him into his office to telegraph the state of affairs here," said the conductor.

"I'll do it for you," volunteered Sam.

"Are you an operator?" said the conductor.

"No, but I picked up the practice of telegraphy."

"You can send a message over the wire so it will be understood at the other end?"

"Oh, yes. I can easily do that."

"Come with me," said the conductor, motioning to one of the train hands to accompany them.

"How about the local that is following your train, sir?" said Sam. "It ought to be flagged or it will run into your rear car. The whole of your train except the locomotive is in the tunnel, and as you have no light on the last car in the daytime there is sure to be a crash, for the engineer of the local won't see what is ahead until too late to stop."

"I forgot about the local. It's a fortunate thing you reminded me. Say, Wood, go forward and tell those rascals to let you through so you can put a torpedo on the track at the entrance to the tunnel," said the conductor.

The man went forward, holding up both hands. "What do you want?" asked one of the rascals with a rifle.

The train hand told him. The fellow called the leader and the train hand was permitted to get a torpedo out of the baggage car and take it back to warn the local. Under cover of the crowd, the conductor, Sam, and a train hand hurried down the track, sprang on the platform and entered the station, where the train man busted open the door of the agent's room. They were seen and the leader notified. He understood their object, but as the safe had been cleaned out by this time he didn't care. All but the leader and two men piled on the handcar and started off through the tunnel. After a couple of minutes' wait the other three got into the auto, which held the loot, and followed. That relieved the tension of the situation. In the meanwhile Sam was given the call of the train dispatcher in the city ahead, and he speedily put that individual in possession of all the facts, notifying him that train 65 was held up at the mouth of the tunnel near Station W, and that the local would be stopped at the other end of the tunnel.

While Sam was sending the message the train men, without waiting for orders, removed the rock from the road bed, carried the trunk to the platform, and hammered back the rails into place.

The passengers got aboard and the engineer ran up alongside the station. The conductor then told the agent, who appeared, to notify the dispatcher that the train robbers had fled, the tracks fixed so trains could proceed, and that No. 45 was now pulling out, twenty minutes behind time. He thanked Sam for his services and offered to carry him free to his destination, the next large town on the line, and the boy accepted and got aboard.

The express then went on, leaving the belated local to make up its lost time if the engineer could do it. When the express reached the town at which it stopped, Sam alighted and his trunk was deposited on the platform. He picked out the 'bus connected with a third-class hotel, which was frequented by the ordinary commercial men and cheap actors, and pointed out his trunk to the driver, who landed it on top of the 'bus. Reaching the hotel, known as the Commercial House, he registered and was assigned a room, to which his trunk was carried. The dining-room was open and he went in to his supper.

A second edition of the afternoon newspaper had been issued with some of the particulars of the hold-up on the railroad, and Sam read it after his meal.

Thinking it might do him good to get his name in the paper, he went to the office of the morning daily and asked for the editor. He got an interview at once when he stated that he had been on the train that was held up, and had some particular facts to communicate. He told his story, which was taken down by a reporter, and he was then photographed. Next morning a very graphic article appeared, with Sam's photo and a drawing made of him sitting astride of the trunk, bound and gagged, with the locomotive issuing from the tunnel in front of him. Soon after breakfast Sam started out to canvass the town for orders. He was carrying a line of hardware specialties, and only visited wholesale houses and a few large retail ones that dealt direct with the manufacturers.

When he went to small places off the main line of his route he transacted business with anybody that intended to resell the goods. As he had a number of duplicates of his samples he sometimes sold one of them to a private party, charging the retail price, but he was not supposed to do this. Wherever Sam went that morning in quest of orders he was recognized as the hero of the railroad hold-up. Everybody in town had read the story, and as the wholesale houses had been informed in advance of the boy's coming, of course the first thing the buyer of the house did was to congratulate him on his fortunate escape from being run down by the big locomotive. The interest he excited helped him to business.

Some buyers bought more than they intended, while others, who had not dealt with Sam's firm before, and did not intend to make any charge, gave the boy a hearing in order to learn more about the hold-up, and Sam took advantage of the fact to put his silver tongue at work to great advantage. He regarded an interview as half the battle. He knew how strong were his persuasive powers, and all he asked for was the chance to hypnotize a new buyer. When he got the chance he usually came out ahead. On account of the time he lost talking about the rail-

road incident it took him the best part of two days to finish up the town. He didn't mind that, for he had done big business, securing three new houses, and virtually creating a monopoly for his employer's goods in that town.

He was in the reading-room of the Commercial House around four o'clock when a book agent came in whose acquaintance he had made the preceding evening. The agent was a nice, gentlemanly young chap who was out on his first trip, and he and Sam took quite a fancy to each other. His name was Dick Hazard.

"Well, Hazard, what kind of a day have you had?" asked Sam.

"Rotten. I only got one order, and it was like drawing teeth to get that," replied Hazard.

"That's too bad. I guess you didn't strike the right kind of people."

"There's no doubt about that, but how is a fellow to tell the right kind? I've got to take them as they come. There are no lists of book lovers published. Even if there were you'd have to talk some of them deaf, dumb and blind to get their names on a contract. At any rate, the manager of my house told me they should almost sell themselves. That may be so in his opinion, but I haven't found it so at all," said Hazard.

"Nothing sells itself. You've got to push an article to get results."

"One thing that ought to go is that new unabridged dictionary. It's the best thing of its kind on the market. I'm selling it for \$26. Two dollars down and two dollars a month. Or ten off for all cash. I was recommended to an old chap on Washington street. He wants just such a dictionary, but when I called on him he almost threw me out. He was the grouchiest man I ever met."

"You struck him at the wrong time. Go there again to-morrow, and maybe you'll sign him up."

"I wouldn't tackle him again for a farm."

"That isn't the way to do business. Stick to your man till you get him."

"And be fired out bodily as he threatened me."

"I'll bet I could get him if I was in your shoes."

"I don't believe it."

Sam looked at his watch.

"Is he at his office till five?"

"Usually, and sometimes later."

"Whereabouts on Washington street is his office, and what is his name?"

"Here is the card with his name and address on it, and the name of the man who sent me to him. You're not going to call on him, are you? Your line is hardware specialties, and he has nothing to do with that."

"Fetch me your dictionary outfit, or your grip as it stands, and give me a few pointers on the unabridged, and I will see if I can get you his order."

"You're joking."

"No, I mean business. I'm curious to see if I can take an order in a line I am not familiar with."

Hazard got his grip from the office where he had left it.

"We'll save time if you will go along with me," said Sam. "On the way you can post me," said Sam.

When they reached the building in which the old man, whose name was Nathan Hapgood, had his office on the fourth floor, Sam was prepared to beard the lion in his den. They took the elevator up and Hazard waited in the corridor while Sam walked into Hapgood's office.

"Is Mr. Hapgood in?" asked the salesman.

"Yes. What's your name and business?" asked the clerk.

"My name is Sam Greene. I'm a salesman. I want——"

"Sam Greene. Are you the young fellow who figured so prominently in the hold-up on the railroad day before yesterday?"

"I'm that party," replied Sam, cheerfully.

"Your picture was in the paper, and I thought I knew your face. You had a strenuous time, didn't you?"

"I sure did. Can I see Mr. Hapgood?"

"I'll tell him you are here. He was much interested in your experience."

Sam was admitted, and he saw a sour-looking man seated at a desk.

"How do you do, Mr. Hapgood?" said Sam, pleasantly.

"How do you do? My clerk tells me you are the hero of the railroad hold-up."

"I don't claim to be a hero. I didn't do anything in particular to help the railroad company. I came near being the victim on that occasion."

"Yes, yes; so the paper said. Well, what can I do for you?"

"I want to show you the finest standard dictionary in the market. It is something that a man of your superior intelligence requires at his elbow to refresh his memory at odd times. You have been represented to me as a gentleman of culture and refinement who is in the market for a real comprehensive unabridged dictionary, which not only fills the bill as a dictionary, but offers additional departments of instruction and general information that no up-to-date man can afford to be without," said Sam, in his most enticing tones.

"Hum!" ejaculated the old man. "There was a young fellow up here to-day with a dictionary he wanted to sell me, but I didn't care for it."

"Allow me to show you sample pages of this dictionary, with samples of the three kinds of binding. I will recommend the full flexible morocco style. It is the most expensive, but in the long run the cheapest," said Sam, producing the sample book which contained perhaps fifty pages of dictionary matter, a few pages of each of the departments, and samples of colored pictures and other engravings that went with the book.

"Why, that's the same book the other chap showed me," said Hapgood.

Sam took no notice of his remark, but proceeded to show him the sample pages, and talk up the work in his smartest way.

"It is almost superfluous for me to dwell on the dictionary, which has 40,000 more words and definitions than the"—here Sam mentioned the name of a rival work. "It is simply the last word in dictionaries, and will remain so. It is the authority in all the government offices and departments, and has been so accepted by the executive head of every State in the Union. Every

institution of learning of any standing has taken one or more copies, and not a library in the country would be without it. In addition to the dictionary you have a department of general knowledge which gives you thousands of facts in a nutshell. For instance, this is the fifteenth of July. What is most talked about in town? The fact that it is St. Swithin's Day. Who was St. Swithin? Let us consult this sample book and see if it refers to that distinguished personage. Ah, there it is—St. Swithin, confessor, bishop and patron of Winchester, England. He lived in the ninth century. Then follows the tradition which explains why if rain falls on July 15th, at any hour, it will rain for forty days thereafter. I met a score of persons to-day every one of whom had something to say about St. Swithin's Day, but not one could explain a word on the subject. Several had consulted their up-to-date encyclopædias, but couldn't find what they wanted to know. The same thing will happen on July 15th next year. With the book in your possession you will be able to refresh your memory on the subject in two minutes."

"I guess I'll buy it," said Haygood.

"I knew you would. It is the up-to-date man who is successful. You'll take the flexible morocco binding, \$26. Two dollars down and \$2 a month, or ten off for cash."

"I'll pay cash."

"Very good. Here is the cash order. Sign that, please. On receipt of the complete work, within two days, you will pay \$23.40. Thank you, sir. I won't take up any more of your time," said Sam, shoving Hapgood's signed order in his pocket, "unless you care to look over this handsome thirty-volume set of Shakespeare. I am not asking you to buy it. I would like to show you its merits because you have taken the dictionary. Shakespeare, as you know, was the grandest writer of his age—of any age, in fact. The publishers of this set have spread themselves on this special limited edition. Every set is numbered, and when the 1,000 are disposed of they will fetch a premium in the book market."

It was a profusely illustrated edition, with a colored frontispiece of a noted actor or actress in each volume, and was bound in silk cloth. The price was \$95. Five down and five a month for eighteen months. The illustrations took Hapgood's eye, and Sam, quick to take advantage of the fact in the interest of his new friend Hazard, dwelt upon their beauty and the fact that they were all specially made for this set, and were not to be found anywhere else. Although Hapgood had had no intention of buying the set, Sam got his signature to a contract, and promised that the set would be delivered at his home in a day or two.

CHAPTER III.—Sam Shadows Two Suspicious Characters.

"Well, did you sell him a dictionary?" asked Dick Hazard, doubtfully.

"Did I? Why, he was easy. I not only sold him a dictionary in the best binding at the cash price, but I took his order for a set of Shakespeare at \$95. There are the two contracts."

Hazard gazed at them in a dazed way.

"You're a wonder!" he said, enthusiastically. "And the book business isn't your line, either."

Sam laughed.

"I can sell anything from needles to ship's anchors," he laughed.

"Hapgood must have been in good humor."

"He didn't look it. I made him feel good, though, before I got through with him. He's a grouch as a regular thing. I could see that in his face; but I can handle a grouch as well as a good-tempered individual. I hope you're satisfied."

"Satisfied! I should say so. You've put a big commission in my pocket, but I mean to halve it with you. You're entitled to it."

"Halve nothing! I won't take a cent from you. I just wanted to satisfy myself that I could sell Hapgood a dictionary."

"And a set of Shakespeare."

"No. That was an afterthought. I worked him for that on the spur of the moment."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you. I'll do as much for you if I ever get the chance," said Hazard, as they walked back to the hotel.

"You're welcome. I suppose you'll remain in town a while?"

"That was my intention."

"I'm going to take the eight o'clock train for Dexter. That is one of the boss places on my route. I hope to do a land office business there," said Sam.

"You ought to do a land office business anywhere," said Hazard.

"I shall always try to do my best."

When they reached the hotel they went into the dining-room together and had supper. After the meal they repaired to the reading-room, where Sam wrote a short letter to his mother and mailed it. The bus started for the station at twenty minutes of eight, and Sam and his trunk were on it. It was growing dark then, and was quite dark when the train rolled in and he got aboard. Two well-dressed men were in the seat ahead of him. Their complexions were tanned brown by exposure to the weather, and so were their hands. Their backs were toward the boy, and he did not take any particular notice of them.

When the conductor came along Sam stopped reading the magazine he had purchased at the station and got out his ticket. The men ahead held up their tickets for the conductor to punch. Then Sam caught sight of a peculiar ring on the little finger of one of them. It was a black enameled gold snake, coiled with its head poised ready to spring. In the flat head of the snake was embedded a large diamond, and its eyes were made of two small rubies. He had seen that ring, or its mate, two days before on the little finger of the chief of the train robbers. It had attracted his attention then, and it attracted it now. He looked sharply at the side face of the man, which was covered with black whiskers, and he began to have his suspicions. The train robber wore no whiskers, and could not have grown a set in two days; but suppose these whiskers were false?

Sam believed they were. The man's companion also wore whiskers, but they were in the nature of a beard. Probably they were false, too. The

conductor punched his ticket and passed on. Sam had observed another thing—that the tickets of the two men ahead bore the same destination as his own, namely the city of Dexter.

"I am more than half convinced those are two of the train robbers," thought Sam. "I wish I could make certain of it. If they are and I could land them in jail, it would be quite a feather in my cap. It would help me along in my business. Anyway, the railroad company would be glad to capture two of the robbers, for so far the detectives have made no progress in finding the rascals or the \$100,000 they got from the express company's safe."

Sam kept his eyes on the backs of the two heads before him. The men wore the latest thing in collars and ties, but the tan showed above the edge of the collars. The ring was to Sam the most convincing proof of its owner's identity. Still it did not follow that the ring worn by the train robber was the only one of its kind in existence. It might have many duplicates. Not many people have rings especially designed for themselves. Sam had lost all interest in his magazine. His attention was wholly centered on the two men ahead, particularly the one who sported the snake ring. So the moments passed and the train rushed on through the night, stopping only once during its run to Dexter, for it was an express. After the stop the conductor came through again, not to look at the tickets, but to see if a passenger or two had got on.

Sam followed the conductor out on the platform, and after telling him that he was the young fellow who figured in the trunk episode of the hold-up on the line at the mouth of the tunnel near Station W, imparted his suspicions of the two men, dwelling especially on the ring, and his belief that their whiskers were false ones, assumed for the purpose of disguise. The conductor, knowing that both the railroad and the express companies were using every effort to find the train robbers, was much impressed by what the boy told him concerning the two passengers.

"I couldn't take the responsibility of detaining them on suspicion," he said. "If your surmise happened to be wrong, look at the trouble I'd get into."

"Couldn't you stop at a station this side of Dexter and telegraph word to the Division Superintendent? That would put the responsibility up to him," said Sam.

"The train is several minutes behind time now."

"What difference does that make in so important a matter as this?"

"Are you willing to swear that those two men are a part of the crowd that robbed the express car?"

"No; on account of the hair on their faces I can't swear to this identity. I believe they are, though."

"But they might not be."

"The chances are against them."

"If I would stop this train to telegraph, as you have suggested, and the man should be arrested and then proved innocent of the charge, there would be trouble for me."

"I don't see how. It is your duty to help the company catch the robbers."

"I'm ready to do it on good grounds."

"Then you don't think my statement is good enough?"

"There is a large element of doubt in it."

"All right. I have nothing more to say."

Sam returned to his seat and took up his magazine. Twenty minutes later the locomotive whistle announced the approach of the train to Dexter. The speed gradually slowed down and soon the cars stopped. The two dark-complexioned bewhiskered men started for the door. Sam, with several passengers behind him, was on their heels. The men walked out of the station without stopping to look after their baggage if they had any. Sam followed them. His trunk and grip were checked to that station, and would be held in the baggage-room till called for. The men singled out a cab, gave the driver his directions, and got in. Sam got a hold on behind, and the vehicle started off up the street with the young salesman swinging back and forth, and maintaining his position only by the skin of his teeth, so to speak.

Of course, his peculiar position was observed and attracted some attention from passers-by, but nobody considered it his business to call the driver's attention to what was going on behind. Fortunately there was not a policeman in sight, and so Sam was not interfered with, and his presence in the rear was not discovered by the driver. The cab kept away from the principal and well-lighted streets, and was soon bowling along in the residential section, where the darkness was relieved only by the street lamps.

Sam wondered where the men were going, and whether this adventure of his would produce results. The driver kept his horse at a fast clip, and the suburbs of the city were reached in that direction. Finally he stopped and got down to ask for further directions. Sam took advantage of the chance to step down and relieve the strain which had been put on his arms. He stood at the far corner of the vehicle ready to jump up again as soon as the driver resumed his seat.

He heard an occasional word that passed between one of the men inside and the driver, such as "quarry," "two miles," "road-house," and so forth. The cab went on as fast as before. They were now on a dusty road, where there were many trees, a hedge on either side, cultivated fields, and few houses. The city of Dexter had been left behind. Naturally, the landscape was very dark, for the sky was clouded. At last the cab began to reduce speed and soon drew up before a well-lighted road-house. Sam sprang down. The driver remained on his seat. Out of the cab jumped the two men. Sam didn't believe this was their destination because he had seen no signs of the quarry yet.

The men went into the road-house and lined up at the bar. The cab remained standing in front of the door, the horse drinking at the trough. Out of the road-house came a shirt-sleeved young fellow with a foaming glass of lager which he handed up to the driver. He waited for him to drink it, exchanging a few words with him. Sam heard the driver say he was going on to a house close to the old stone quarry, two miles from the road-house. The waiter took the empty glass back to the public room. Presently the two men came out and got in the cab. They were accompanied to the door

by the waiter, who watched the vehicle drive away. He saw the indistinct figure of a person hanging on behind, and shouted to the driver, but the man didn't understand what he said, and went on.

The two miles were quickly reeled off, and the lone house beside the quarry was reached at last. Sam got down and backed away in the darkness, satisfied that the two men were going no further for the present. One of the men handed the driver a bill, told him to keep the change, and then the cab swung around and started for the city, while the two men walked up to the door of the house, from the window of which a light shone on the road, and knocked three times, with a pause between each, and then twice quickly.

CHAPTER IV.—At the Old Quarry.

Sam, from the shadows of the shrubbery opposite the house, saw the door opened by a rough-looking and roughly-dressed man of perhaps forty. The two visitors entered and the door closed behind them, after the rough chap had looked up and down the road and noted that no one appeared to be in sight.

"Now to find out, if I can, who those men are," said the young salesman to himself.

He glided across the road and, taking up his position by the window, looked into the room. As he did so the light disappeared and nothing was to be seen inside.

"They have gone into the back of the house," thought Sam.

Feeling his way carefully around the side of the building, Sam came suddenly upon the edge of the quarry. He just escaped going down headlong in the dark, which would have marked his finish, for the quarry was all of fifty feet deep at that point. A ledge about three feet wide went along the back of the house. Sam found this out by going down on his hands and knees and crawling along as far as a window through which he saw a light shining. Then he rose, grasped the window ledge and looked into the room. It was furnished as a kitchen and living-room combined. With the front room and an entry it formed the ground floor of the building. There was a half-story above, with a peaked roof and a window in the front and another in the rear overlooking the quarry. The house had been used as an office and living quarters for the superintendent of the quarry. Had it been daylight Sam would have been able to see a row of empty, dilapidated huts which were formerly occupied by the men who work at the place, getting out the limestone. The window at which Sam had established himself was cracked and was let down several inches at the top for ventilation purposes.

Looking inside he saw four men—the two who had come on the train and two others. A lamp illuminated the room from its position in the center of a deal table. The visitors were seated in common chairs and the others were standing.

"I s'pose you've come about the loot, Jim?" said the man who admitted the visitors.

"Where have you hidden it?" said the man addressed as Jim, and who wore the snake ring.

"In the quarry."

"Good. The rest of the bunch will be here to-morrow night. Then we'll have it up and divide on the usual plan."

"Your disguise is a good one. I would hardly have known you or Bill had I met you on the street."

"The detectives are hot on our trail, and it was necessary to change our personal appearance to avoid trouble."

"That's right," nodded the other. "We made a fine haul—\$40,000—and it would be a shame to be tripped up. Such a snap might not come our way in a hurry again."

"It wouldn't if we were nabbed. We'd get fifteen years, every mother's son of us, and that would put a crimp in our business for a good while to come."

"It would for a fact. That boy we found on the ground and tied to his trunk would be the chief witness against us. The papers say he's a traveling salesman. A pretty smart looking chap, but we took the starch out of him for a few minutes."

"He was lucky to escape so well as he did. I expected the locomotive would do him up before the engineer could stop the train. The express was going at a fifty mile clip when it hit the torpedo. The air-brakes worked well to stop the train the length of the tunnel. Well, after to-morrow night we'll scatter and enjoy the forty thousand."

"There are nine of us to share in the swag. Call it ten, for you get two parts as our captain and leader. Eight thousand for you and \$4,000 apiece for the rest of us. I'll gamble on it I'll have a good time out of my share."

"Has any one been snooping around this place?" asked the leader.

"Yes. Hen and I saw a couple of chaps yesterday we took for officers. They tried to get into this building; but finding it locked and apparently deserted, they gave up the attempt. They then looked the quarry over, and examined the huts below, but did not gain much. The last we saw of them they were going into the woods."

"They were detectives. I'm glad they satisfied themselves that the persons they were looking for were not around this vicinity. The railroad sleuths and the officers in the employ of the express company are searching the mountains as the most likely place to find a clue to our retreat. I knew they would, that's why I pitched on this spot as a rendezvous after the job was put through. It is seventy miles from the scene of the hold-up, and right in the heart of a busy section. This ought to be the last place where we would be suspected of coming."

"You have a great head, Jim. We made no mistake in choosing you as our leader. You don't make any mistakes."

Sam, standing outside of the window, and listening to all that passed inside, did not agree with the speaker. He thought the leader had made a big mistake in wearing such a noticeable ring, not only at the time of the hold-up, but afterward. It is just such slips that cause the undoing of some of the smartest crooks.

"Fetch out the bottle, Pete. Talking is dry work," said the leader.

The bottle was produced and all hands drank.

"You say the money is concealed in the quarry, Pete?"

"Yes."

"Whereabouts?"

"There is a hole in the rock directly below this house. To reach it you have to clamber over a lot of scrambled limestone and then make your way up the face of the quarry about fifteen feet. The hole is not visible from below. I found it by accident. It is easy to reach it when you know where it is."

"All right. We'll not disturb the loot till the time comes. I'd rather take your word than go scrambling over and up the rocks with a lantern in the dark. If any stranger saw a lantern moving up and down the face of the quarry it might arouse his suspicions. We'll get the money to-morrow just before dark when we won't need to use a lantern, and while we're getting it we'll have the boys patrol the sides of the quarry and the back to see that no inquisitive people are about. We can't be too careful under the circumstances."

"Bet your life we can't. Are you going back to Dexter to-night?"

"No. I've dismissed the cab. Bill and me are going to stop at the road-house two miles below here. The house is kept by an old friend of mine whom I can depend on. We stopped there for a drink and I told him we were coming back."

At that moment there came a pounding on the front door.

"Who in thunder can that be?" said Pete with a start. "We don't expect anybody else here to-night. Besides, the person hasn't the signal. Maybe we are up against a bunch of officers."

"If we are somebody is going to get hurt," said the leader, drawing a revolver and laying it on the table.

His companion, Bill, also pulled out his gun, as did the man called Hen.

"Go and see who it is, Pete. If the visitors are not to your liking, pass the word in here at once."

Pete went into the front room without a light and looked out of the window. He could get a side view of the space in front of the door and detect any one standing there, though not very clearly on such a dark night. He saw the outline of a youngish man, who pounded on the door again. Pete guessed he was not a detective, but he did not know for certain. The fact of any one knocking that way on the door seemed suspicious to him. The visitor kept on pounding in a lusty way, as if he was sure somebody was in the house. Finally he put his mouth to the keyhole and shouted:

"Let me in. I've something to tell Jim Carsey. I'm from the roadhouse."

Pete heard his words. So also did Jim himself, for the door leading into the entry was open.

"See what the chap wants, Pete," he called out.

So Pete threw up the window and asked who was there

"Jimmy Dolan. I work for Pat Mulligan at the road-house. I came to warn Carsey that he and Bill Knight were followed from the city by somebody that Pat said was a detective. I saw him hanging on behind the cab as it left the road-house, and shouted to the driver, but he paid no attention to me. Then I told Pat and he sent me here to tell Carsey that he wants to be on his guard against the party who came out from Dexter behind the cab. That's all. I'm going back now."

"Hold on a minute," said Pete. "Wait till I tell Carsey. He may want to ask you something."

"I'm here," said Carsey, who had come into the room to hear the message, and was at Pete's elbow.

Jim asked the messenger several questions, but all he learned was that the party behind the cab looked like a very young man, or a big boy. Sam had, in the meanwhile, come around to the front corner of the house where he stood and listened. He heard all that passed, and he wondered what the rascals in the house would do now that they had been warned of the probable presence of somebody inimicable to their interests. The window was shut down and the messenger started back the way he had come. Sam waited to see if any of the train robbers would come out to look around, but no one did, so he returned to his post at the window. The four men were in the back room.

trouble for us," said Carsey.

"Blame the luck!" growled Carsey. "Who'd have thought a man could have hung on behind the cab all the way from the city?"

"A detective on a scent will do anything to win out."

"He might be hanging around this place now. I'd like to meet him. He wouldn't do any more sleuthing, I'll bet. What's to be done? It's such a dark night that it wouldn't do any good to go out and hunt for him. He could easily hide in the bushes on the other side of the road and get away from us."

"After spotting this house he might have gone back to the city and will return later with half a dozen others," said Bill. "We'd better get back to the road-house right away, while Pete and Hen had better rig the rope through the window there so that if a bunch of officers came prepared to break in they can escape down into the quarry, and come to the road-house by a roundabout rout and warn us. We needn't worry about the money. The detectives won't know where it is hidden, and so won't know where to look for it."

"If the detective is on the watch outside he'll see us leave, and will probably follow us to the road-house, and later we'll be pinched," said Carsey. "We'll leave by way of the quarry."

"I think so myself," said Pete. "Hen and me'll rig the rope out of the window. You chaps can slide down, scramble over the rocks to the rear of the quarry, and work your way across the field to the road-house."

Carsey thought Pete's suggestion a good one, and it was adopted. Sam thought it was time for him to get out of the way. He went as far as the corner and watched. He saw something

thrown out of the window which he knew was a rope. Then the figure of a man followed and slid down into the quarry. A second figure issued from the window and went down. The window was closed and the rope left hanging down in the darkness.

The rope left hanging put an idea into Sam's head. It might lead to the hiding place of the money. So he took a chance and slid down the face of the rock. About half way down he saw in the gloom what looked like a hole in the wall. Putting his hand in he felt something like a bag. Drawing it out, he perceived it was a money bag. It was quite weighty. Then with the aid of the rope he reached the floor of the quarry. He stumbled out of the quarry and resolved to make his way to the station house. If he could place the bag with the police and then shadow the thieves it would be a feather in his hat. Arriving in Dexter, he met a policeman, to whom he detailed his adventure and wanted to be directed to the police station. The officer was interested and went with him to the station. Sam told his story to the sergeant at the desk and presented the money bag. The bag was opened and proved to contain the \$40,000. A force of officers were despatched to arrest the four rascals. Sam, leaving his address as the Dexter House, was allowed to go there, where he left an order to be called at eight o'clock.

CHAPTER V.—Bound to the Rail.

The porter routed Sam up on time, and he dressed and went to breakfast. After the meal he went around to police headquarters to see what had been done. The result was not entirely satisfactory. The two men at the house on the edge of the quarry were arrested and locked up, but Carsey and his companion Bill were not found at the road-house, although the building was surrounded to prevent their escape. The detectives searched the road-house from cellar to roof, but they did not find their men. An officer was left on watch outside all night, and he was relieved that morning. Three officers were to be despatched to the quarry house early that afternoon to watch for the coming of the other men. Sam was afraid they wouldn't show up owing to the failure of the party the night before to catch the chief and his pal.

The news of the recovery of the money and other stolen articles and the capture of two of the train robbers was sent to both the railroad company and the express company. The credit was given to Sam. Everything connected with the case so far was printed in the afternoon papers, and Sam found himself in the limelight again. After leaving the station-house he returned to the hotel, got his sample case and started out on his route. He did a good day's business. He went to bed early that night, and next forenoon he appeared at the police court against the two train robbers. They pleaded not guilty, and declared they had had nothing to do with the robbery of the express car. Sam could not identify them positively as two of the men who held the express up, though he said Pete looked like one of the men.

He told what he heard at the quarry house,

and how he recovered the loot owing to the clue given by Pete when telling the leader of the bunch where he had hidden the money and other stuff. Sam's story was corroborated by the circumstantial evidence furnished by the finding of the bag and its valuable contents. The railroad company produced the station agent and the conductor of the express train, but they could not identify the men either. The express company had the man in charge of the express car in court. He could not swear to the men, either, as he said the fellows who held him up wore masks while in the car. The case, therefore, was not very strong against the men, outside of Sam's testimony, and on the strength of that the magistrate held them until the police could secure additional evidence.

Sam's morning was lost on account of the court proceedings, but he got a hustle on that afternoon and pulled up some. Next day being Sunday, he put in his time writing letters, reading the papers and looking the town over. The police had not been successful in capturing the other train robbers because they did not appear at the quarry. That wasn't any more than Sam expected. He guessed that the leader had connected with and warned the rascals. The manager of that division of the express business had a talk with Sam and told him that he would recommend that the reward of \$5,000 be paid to him for recovering the money and giving information that should have resulted in the capture of all the robbers.

On Monday while Sam was finishing up the town there was a meeting of the directors of the railroad in Kansas City, and they voted him the sum of \$1,000 for his services in the case. He received the check at the next city he stopped at on his route, a manufacturing place called Chester. He cashed it and forwarded the money to his mother in Chicago, telling her to bank it in his name. We may as well say here that he received the \$5,000 from the express company when he reached Kansas City, which was as far West as his route called for, and sent that to Chicago, too. With \$6,000 in bank, and a considerable commission coming to him when he got back from his trip, he felt in very comfortable financial circumstances.

The authorities of Dexter tried hard to catch the train robbers who had escaped the trap Sam had set for them, but they were not successful. To make the matter worse, the evidence against Pete and Hen was not strong enough to result in an indictment against the men, who swore that the case against them was a "frame-up," and they were finally allowed to go, but they were shadowed by a detective to see where they went. By that time Sam was in Kansas City taking orders. After finishing with the Missouri city he crossed the river and did business in Kansas City. His route would take him up the river to Leavenworth, Atchison and St. Joseph, after which he would turn his face Chicagoward, taking in all the large towns.

He was glad that his trip was half over, for, though he liked the business he was engaged in, he wanted to see his mother and sister again. He did not dream that he was being shadowed by a dark-featured man when he went out at

night to a show or for a stroll. Such, however, was the fact. This man was Carsey, the leader of the train robbers. He and his crowd were determined to get back at the young traveling salesman not only for his efforts to land them in prison, but because he had deprived them of the fruits of the hold-up. The robbers had been hiding in various places to avoid being caught by the detectives who were determined to get them. At present they were pretending to be engaged in the river business on the Missouri, and their headquarters was an old weather-beaten schooner lying at an out-of-the-way wharf at Kansas City, Kan. Sam was taking orders in the city at this time, and expected to go on to Leavenworth in a day or two.

Carsey had discarded the snake ring after reading in the papers that it was the cause of his identification by the boy salesman. On the evening of the day Sam finished up Kansas City, the robber chief was hanging around his hotel waiting to see if he was going out, and intending to follow him if he did. On this occasion he was accompanied by his pal Bill. Sam left the hotel at half-past seven bound for one of the theaters. The men followed him to the place. At that hour a cheap-looking cab was waiting along the route that Sam would have to take to reach the hotel. At quarter past eleven Sam was on his way and behind him came Carsey.

There was only one person, other than Sam and the robber leader, in sight on the block where the cab stood in front of a house, apparently waiting there for somebody to come out. When the young salesman was passing the vehicle a man came out of a doorway and asked him for a match. He took out his match-safe and handed the man a match. At that moment he received a blow on the head from behind and tumbled forward. The man who had asked for the match caught him in his arms. It was Carsey who had glided up behind and struck the boy.

He and the other man, who was Bill, shoved their victim into the cab. Carsey followed the insensible Sam, Bill got up beside the driver, and off went the cab down the street, turning the next corner and going toward the river. The blow the young salesman received had been a glancing one, and he recovered his senses in about an hour. He found himself bound and gagged, lying on his back in some dark place. He recalled the blow on the head, but could not understand why he was a prisoner.

He soon became conscious that the place he was confined in was not solid on its foundations like a house, but moved up and down at intervals. This movement was accompanied by a splashing sound, as of water, and a peculiar grating noise. From the sounds he heard over his head it suddenly struck him he was on board a small vessel moored at a dock, and that the craft was being got under way. The movements of the craft became more perceptible as it parted from the wharf under the influence of the sails. A fairly strong wind was blowing on the river, and the vessel keeled over quite a bit under its weight. Bill was at the wheel and Carsey was directing the course.

Half a dozen of their associates, after hauling up the sails and attending to other necessary

duties, had seated themselves in easy attitudes along the weather side. The schooner, with her dark, patched mainsail outlined against the starry sky, was running down the river and fast leaving Kansas City behind. At a point two miles below the city the river swung around to the west. As the boat slipped around the turn Carsey went into the cabin and presently came out with a lighted lantern in his hand. He called to a couple of the men to lift the hatch and push it aside. A straight iron ladder led down into the hold. He descended by it and walked forward. Raising the lantern and holding it forward, he flashed the light upon the figure of Sam, lying helpless on some old sacks. He encountered the gaze of the prisoner.

"So you've come to your senses, eh?" he said. "Rather surprising to find yourself in a strange situation, I'll bet. Would say something if you could, eh? Well, I'll relieve you of the gag so you can use your tongue."

Carsey put down the lantern and, unloosening the handkerchief, tied over the young salesman's mouth, pulled it away. The removal of the gag was something of a relief to Sam. At the same time he recognized the rascal who bent over him and realized that he was in the clutches of the train robbers and some of his associates.

"I guess you know me if I haven't got the ring, that you knew me by on the train," said Carsey, with an ugly grin.

"Yes, I know you."

"We made a mistake by not putting you and the trunk closer to the mouth of the tunnel; but I had no idea what you were capable of doing. You ran us down and done us out of the money from the express car. What did you do it for? What interest had you in the express company?"

"I had no interest in the express company. I considered it my duty to bring you and your men to justice," replied Sam.

"Duty be hanged. It was none of your business. The express people could have stood the loss. It's a wealthy corporation. Did you get the reward offered?"

"That needn't worry you."

"I think the papers reported that you received \$5,000 from the express people and \$1,000 from the railroad company because you recovered the money. I guess it won't do you any good. You won't need any money when we get through with you."

Sam said nothing. The train robber's words were not encouraging. And his manner was menacing enough to show that he had some vindictive purpose in the background.

"If the police had scooped all of us and sent us away you might have been safe, but they failed to get but two of us, and those two they couldn't hold for lack of evidence," said the leader. "If you thought we were going to overlook what you did you made a great mistake. We might have overlooked your attempts to get us pinched, but we're not going to let you crow over the fact that you saved the money. We spent many weeks over that job, and when we pulled it off we expected to enjoy the fruits of the work. You queered all that. We've got to lie low till this affair blows over, then go somewhere else and try again, with the same

against our making a haul half so good. We've only hung around this neighborhood to catch you. Now we've got you we'll dust out after we pickle you."

"What are you going to do to me?" said Sam.

"You'll find out long before morning. You made the mistake of your life by butting into our business. That's all I've got to say to you."

Carsey started for the ladder and left the hold. An hour later the old schooner was run into the bank of the river at a lonely spot and moored. It was then about half-past one in the morning. Bill and Pete went into the hold, gagged Sam again and lifted him out on deck. Then he was borne ashore by two other men. For ten miles or more westward from Kansas City one of the railroads ran near the river. The only trains passing in that neighborhood at that hour were long freights. Several of them would pass in either direction before dawn. Carsey, Bill, Pete and Hen started for the railroad tracks the two latter carrying the young drummer. In a short time they reached the roadbed.

"The east-bound freight will be the first to pass this way," said the leader. "It passes over by this track. Lay the boy on the outer rail lengthwise, then the engineer is not likely to see him till too late to stop the train before running over him. See that you tie him down good and tight. It won't do to make a mess of this job."

Sam heard his words and was horror-struck at the fate intended for him. He struggled as well as he could, but his efforts amounted to nothing. He was laid along the rail and tied down so that he couldn't move to save his life. When the job was accomplished to Carsey's satisfaction he knelt down and hissed in the boy's ear:

"This is your finish, young fellow. How do you like it? The next freight train bound in for Kansas City will be along shortly, and it won't leave enough of you to make a decent funeral. This is our revenge for what you done to us. Good-night and pleasant dreams to you. Come on, boys, now we'll be off. We must be well down the river by sunrise."

The four men disappeared into the bushes near the tracks and hurried back to the schooner, leaving the young salesman to his fate.

CHAPTER VI.—A Narrow Squeak.

The spot had been well chosen by Carsey, for it was lonesome and deserted. There wasn't a house within a mile, and even in the daytime few persons passed that way. A dozen telegraph wires high up on poles followed the tracks on the side that the boy lay bound to the off rail. A humming sound came from them, which mingled with the sighing wind as it swept across the melancholy landscape. There were many trees in the vicinity and the breeze-waved the upper branches to and fro. Far above the fated boy's head myriads of bright stars shone down from the sky as clear as a bell. It was a terrible position for Sam to be in, and there seemed to be no hope for him. As life was dear to him, he made desperate and continued attempts to get

from from the rail, but only exhausted himself in vain.

The rascals had made a sure job of it, and his heart sank as the minutes flew by—minutes that measured his span of life. At last he heard a distant whistle. He couldn't tell in which direction it sounded, but as Carsey had said that the freight bound in for Kansas City was the next one due to pass that point, and he was bound to that track, he felt his last hour had come. One more ineffectual struggle and he gave up with a groan. A minute passed, then his ear heard a tingling sound from the rail he was bound to. He knew what that was. The rumbling of the wheels of the heavy freight was telegraphed ahead along the steel track. Inside of a few minutes he would meet his end, and what a terrible end it would be! He thought of his mother and sisters far away in Chicago. Never more would they see him again. His fate would probably not be known to them.

They would learn that he had disappeared one night in Kansas City, on the Kansas side of the Missouri, and that would probably be all. He would be so badly managled by the freight that while his death would be reported in the newspapers his identity would be involved in mystery. He groaned and squirmed upon his steel shroud, and the gag worked off his mouth. At that moment he heard the clank, clank of a hand-car coming from the direction of Kansas City. It grew louder every instant.

The sound of the oncoming freight also grew louder. It sounded in his ears like subdued thunder in the distance. In desperation Sam shouted for help. His cries resounded on the night air. The two or three men on the car heard it and stopped working, listening intently.

"Somebody is in trouble near here," said one of them, picking up the red lantern and holding it above his head.

"It comes from over there, close to the up track," said one of his companions.

"We must stop the car and look. Maybe some tramp has fallen on the track."

"Then we have no time to lose, for the freight is coming along that track. Jump off, Joe, with the lantern and take a look."

The man sprang off the gliding hand-car and rushed over to the other track. Sam's cries guided him to the spot.

"Great Scott! A boy tied to the rail!" he cried as he flashed the light on the young salesman. "Who has done this act of villainy?"

"For heaven's sake, cut me free—quick!" cried Sam, in feverish tones.

"That I will," replied the man.

He placed the red lantern in the center of the track, whipped out his knife and got busy. At that moment the freight, running at eighteen to twenty miles an hour, came into sight around the curve not far away. There was not a moment to be lost if the boy was to be rescued, and the man hacked and slashed away at the cords, which were pretty stout and seemed to resist the blade of the knife. The other two men came running up.

"What's wrong here?" asked the foremost.

"A piece of villainy. A boy tied to the rails. Take that lantern and signal the freight to stop. Hurry, for heaven's sake!" said Joe.

The other speaker picked up the lantern and ran to meet the freight, waving the regular signal to stop. The engineer pulled his whistle for brakes, and shoved over the reverse. The jolting of the wheels and the grinding of the brakes sounded like thunder in the ears of the terrified Sam.

"Oh, heavens, hurry, or I'll be crushed!" he ejaculated.

The light of the locomotive headlight flashed down upon the boy and his rescuer, who was working with desperate haste and energy. The freight rolled nearer every moment though its speed was decreasing. The second man was aiding in the good work, and at last, just as the heavy locomotive came to a stop fifty feet away, Sam was freed entirely from the rails. He was assisted on his feet, trembling as with an ague, and white as death. The headlight shone like a wide halo about him and his two rescuers. He saw the engineer and fireman leaning out of the cab window looking at him while they listened to the short statement of the man with the lantern. Then his legs gave way and he collapsed like a limp rag, and his senses left him. When Sam came to ten minutes later, he was lying on the floor of the caboose, with a conductor and a train-hand bending over him. He coughed and sputtered, for the whisky poured down his throat had met his breath and shook him into consciousness. In a few moments he sat up and looked around.

"Oh, heavens, am I alive?" he cried.

"You're all right. Take a drink and that will put a little color into your face and strength into your limbs," said the conductor.

The caboose was in motion, showing that the freight was on its way again. Five minutes later Sam was in condition to tell his story, and he told it. The conductor and trainmen were staggered.

"You've had a mighty narrow escape, young man," said the conductor. "Only that the hand-car came along and the men heard your cries, you would be a mangled corpse now. So those train-robbers did this to you out of revenge for the part you played in the hold-up on the D. & Mo.?"

"They did," said Sam. "They've gone down the river in a schooner, and I hope the police will be able to catch the whole bunch this time."

"The telegraph ought to cut them off. We'll reach the yards inside of half an hour, and you can communicate with the police from there by telephone."

"Good. That crowd ought easily be scooped on the river. This job will get four of them a life term, if there is any justice in the courts. They intended to murder me."

"That's clear as the nose on your face, as you will be able to prove by the three men who saved you. I'll give you their names, and the railroad company will fix it so they can appear in court and testify."

Sam wasn't himself fully until the freight ran into the yards. Then the conductor sent a man with him to the train-dispatcher's office where he could use the city telephone line. Police headquarters was called up, and Sam sent in an outline of his story, telling the police that the scoun-

drels were sailing westward down the river on a small schooner which, however, he was unable to describe. He furnished facts enough, however, to induce the authorities to get busy, and orders were sent ahead to hold up any small schooner seen on the river and arrest all on board of her.

It was after three in the morning when Sam reached the hotel, a mighty thankful boy at his escape, and turned in. Whenever he thought of the twenty minutes he passed tied to the rail, his nerves would tingle at the recollection. He did not believe he would ever forget that terrible experience. The newspaper reporter did not get the facts in time for the morning papers, but every afternoon paper had the story. Sam was interviewed half a dozen times, and was photographed twice.

He was anxious to learn if the train-robbers had been caught, and he learned that they and the schooner had been overhauled and arrested. That made him feel good, but later he learned that the leader and the man named Bill had made their escape during the fight with the police who boarded the schooner, and had got away. The rest of the bunch were brought to Kansas City. Sam charged Pete and Hen with being two of the men who had bound him to the rail, but they denied it.

They were held by the magistrate on the charge of murderous assault. The others were turned over to the detectives of the express company which had been robbed, and taken by them to Dexter to stand trial. Efforts were made to find Carsey and Bill, but they eluded their pursuers. Sam went on his way, after promising to appear at the trial of Pete and Hen whenever he was notified to be present.

The boy drummer went to Leavenworth to see what he could do in the way of business. He did quite well at this place. Next day he left for Branchville. As he got on the train a venerable-looking old man boarded the train and sat down beside him in the car. In a little while the old man engaged Sam in conversation, asking him various questions, all of which Sam answered as far as he saw fit, never suspecting but what his questioner was all right. When the train reached Branchville and Sam got off the old man did the same, saying he was going to the same hotel Sam signified his intention to stop at. As soon as Sam and the old man arrived at the Commercial House the old man slipped off by himself and sent a telegram reading:

"Come to Commerical House. Bring Hig and San."

Hig and San meant Higgins and Sanderson.

Then the old man retired to the room assigned him, and any one looking into it, a little later would have seen a man with a strong resemblance to Jim Carsey sitting there. The supposed old man had given his name to Sam as Butler. That afternoon two men called at the hotel to see Mr. Butler. They were Higgins and Sanderson disguised. In the meantime Sam had gone out to visit the various hardware stores in his business of drumming up orders. The three villains had had a consultation and settled upon a plan to capture the boy drummer. Later on towards evening Higgins and Sanderson, still dis-

guised, left the hotel, leaving Butler disguised as an old gentleman, sitting on the hotel piazza.

CHAPTER VII.—Dick Hazard Bobs Up Again.

Jim Carsey did not meet Sam that evening, for the excellent reason that the boy did not return to the hotel from his afternoon business tour. He accepted an invitation from the buyer of one of the wholesale houses to go home with him to dinner, and a rain-storm coming up around ten o'clock he was easily prevailed on to remain all night. The disguised rascal did not see the boy again until the following afternoon, Saturday, when Sam returned to the hotel after finishing up his business in Branchville. In the meanwhile, Bill Butler and his companions had found a tenantless dwelling in a lonesome spot and notified Carsey about it. The leader went out to look at it Saturday morning and decided it would answer the scoundrelly purpose in view.

He had made up his mind to drug the boy, nail him up in a box which he and his associates in crime could readily put together with a few boards and a hammer and nails, and ship him South by slow freight. They perfected their scheme in the vacant house after looking it over. It happened, however, that a young man, with a large grip in his hand, had entered the yard of the place at the time to get a drink of water from a hand-well that stood there. After drinking he sat down on an empty box under a broken window. The conversation of the villains reached him through the broken pane, and he was rather astonished to learn that his friend Sam Greene was the object of the conspiracy.

The young man was Dick Hazard, the book agent, in whose interests Sam had taken two contracts in the city of Dexter, as set forth in the early part of his story. Dick felt that here was a fine chance for him to repay Sam for his kindness on the occasion referred to. He kept out of the way till the men left the house and started back into the town; then he followed them and connected with the same street car they took, thus getting a good view of their persons. The men separated near the business section, and the white-haired man who had joined them, went on to the Commercial House.

Dick went to the desk and inquired if Greene was stopping there, and on being told that he was, he registered himself and soon afterward went in to dinner. Sam did not come to that meal, as he took his dinner at a restaurant. Dick waited around in the main corridor for his friend to come up. He noticed that the white-haired man also came around there, too. Sam turned out at ten o'clock, because about three o'clock Dick jumped up and went to meet him.

"Hi, y' look a d d man; are you here?" said the young man, with the book agent. "When did you strike town?"

"About eleven o'clock. I rode part of the way over from Branchville, where I took some coffee, and walked the rest of the way to the city, till I took a trolley car. I'm awfully glad to see you."

"Same here. How have you been along?"

"Very fair. I'll come out on top one of these days, though I haven't the gift of your silver tongue."

"I hope you will. Come up to my room and we'll have a talk."

"I've got something of great importance to tell you," said Dick, as soon as they were seated in Sam's room.

"Have you? Go ahead; I'm listening."

"Did you notice a venerable-looking white-haired man in the corridor below as you came in?"

"No; but I know the party you refer to. I met him on the train which brought me over from Leavenworth two days ago. He's a very respectable old party named James Butler. He's over at this town to hunt up a nephew he hasn't seen for some years. If he's downstairs now, I guess he failed to find his relative. His room is next to mine that way," said Sam.

"If his room is next to yours we'd better talk low, for he might have followed us upstairs," said Dick.

"Oh, he couldn't hear us. Besides, what difference does it make?"

"It makes all the difference in the world. That man is not so old as he appears to be."

"Oh, then you know him?"

"No, I don't. Listen; that old chap and three other men have a deep grouch against you, so deep that they are scheming to do you up."

"How did you learn all that?" cried the astonished Sam.

"I'll tell you."

Dick proceeded to explain how he had stopped in the yard of a certain empty house on the suburbs to get a drink of water, and how, after satisfying his thirst, he had sat down under one of the windows of the house. Then he told Sam what he had overheard. Sam was impressed by his story. He had no enemies that he knew of but the leader of the train-robbers and his particular pal, who had escaped from the schooner when the police captured it and the rest of the crowd aboard.

Recalling the manner in which the old white-haired chap had made his acquaintance and stuck by him since, he began to think he was the leader Carsey in disguise, and that one of the others mentioned by Dick was his pal. They were working a new scheme to get him in their power. Their dogged perseverance in going after him showed how desperately in earnest they were to get square with him. How lucky for him that Dick should happen along at the right moment to discover their purpose. Being thus forewarned he saw his way to not only defeat their efforts, but to capture the rascals.

He told Dick all about his experience on the railroad track. How he had been arrested in the street at Kansas City while returning from a show at eleven one night, taken about a dozen miles down the river on a schooner, and then carried to the railroad and tied down to the rail. Although all this had been extensively printed in the newspapers, Dick had been in the story, and was, therefore, ignorant of the narrow escape his friend had had from the desperado bandits. He expressed his surprise at Sam's story, and then congratulated him on the escape.

"All you have to do is to cause the arrest of the disguised chap downstairs," he said. "He is evidently the leader. Get him in jail and you will be safe."

"I guess you're right. We'll go around to police headquarters and see what can be done."

"We must be cautious. The white-haired man might shadow us; not that I suppose he has any interest in me but in order to keep track of you. If he saw us go into the station-house, he'd suspect something at once, and he and his pals probably would skip off and lay low at some other town on your route to catch you."

"That's right. If that old fellow is Carsey in disguise, he's a slippery chap, and is always on the watch for signs of danger. It behooves us to go carefully about the business of landing him and his three pals in jail."

"Suppose I call on the police and tell my story. I'll explain that you are keeping tab on the disguised leader."

"You can do that. The trouble is that if the leader is pinched the other three will get away, for you don't know where they are hanging out. Get the police to advise you as to the best course we can adopt to capture the bunch. Tell them how important it is to capture the leader's side partner as well as himself. If you see me with the old man when you get back, keep aloof till supper-time. If the old fellow goes into the dining-room with me, and sits at the same table, you'll have to hold off until after the meal. Then watch your chance to let me know what arrangement you made with the police."

"All right," said Dick.

The two boys then left the room and went downstairs. They looked around for the disguised old man, but he wasn't in sight.

"I wonder where he's gone?" said Sam.

He looked in the reading-room, but the man wasn't there. He asked the clerk if he'd seen him.

"He went upstairs a while ago," he replied. "He's in his room. I handed him the key."

Sam nodded and returned to Dick.

"The old man is in his room, the clerk told me. I guess it will be safe enough for us both to go to police headquarters," he said.

They left the hotel and went to the station-house. Dick told his story first, then Sam related how the seeming old man made his acquaintance and was stopping at the same hotel he was at.

"It's my opinion, after what my friend overheard this afternoon, that white-haired man is Jim Carsey, the leader of the train-robbers, in disguise. Now you can easily go to the Commercial House and arrest him, but if you do the other three are likely to hear about it and make themselves scarce. I would suggest that you have a detective shadow the white-haired man around. He will probably lead the officers to the place where his friends are. I won't feel quite safe until the whole bunch are under lock and key."

The deputy chief, to whom they told their story, agreed that Sam's suggestion was a good one, and he called one of the detectives, gave him some instructions and told him to hang around the Commercial House and keep his eye on the white-headed man. Sam and Dick then

left the station-house themselves, walked around the block and entered the hotel a little while before supper. They expected to find the white-headed man downstairs by this time, but he was not in sight. Finally Sam approached the desk and asked the clerk again about the man.

"The party paid his bill half an hour ago and started for the station to get the four-fifty for St. Jo.," was the reply.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Young Lady in Room 23.

Whether he had actually left town or not, Sam never saw the white-haired man again, and therefore he had only Dick's statement to the fact that the old fellow was not what he appeared to be on the surface. Satisfied that the book agent had told the truth about what he had overheard at the vacant house on the suburbs, Sam deemed it the part of wisdom to be on his guard against any trick the enemy might try to play on him. He went into the dining-room with Dick, and the two boys stuck to each other until it was time to go to bed. In the morning they parted company, Sam going on to Shelbyville, and Dick remaining at Branchville to canvass that town. Sam reached the Shelby House about noon, and was assigned to a room.

Dinner was served from half-past twelve till two, and the young drummer was one of the first to enter the dining-room. He spent the afternoon looking the town over, for the place, like all the others on his return route, was new to him. In the evening he wrote several letters, one of which was to his mother, with an enclosure, as usual, to each of his sisters, and after mailing them he read the magazines in the reading-room for a while and then went to bed. Next morning he was out looking for business. He had an up-hill job before him, just as he had at Branchville, for the line of goods he was carrying had to be introduced to the dealers and talked up, and he found that the wholesale merchants showed no great enthusiasm over them at first. Sam, however, thoroughly believed in the superiority of the articles he carried, and when his silver tongue got busy he almost always made an impression on his listener.

As he was working a new territory, it was his business to secure customers, and he could do that as well as any one on the road. He put in his best efforts that day, and when he knocked off around five he had done pretty well for his firm. The desk clerk told him there were a couple of good shows in town, either of which would supply him with amusement that evening. Sam, however, was rather cautious about leaving the hotel after supper, for he suspected that the enemy was at his heels. He did not actually know that the train-robbers had followed him to Shelbyville, but on the strength of Dick Hazard's story, he thought it likely they had. He couldn't understand why the white-headed man, if he appeared from Branchville after planning to get him in that place, unless it was because he had altered his arrangements for some reason known to himself.

At any rate, as long as that chief detective was

at large he did not feel safe, and he was of the opinion that it behooved him to be wary. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and he always had before his mental vision his terrible experience while tied to the rail. He recognized that his life had been saved by accident, and he argued that lightning does not usually strike the same spot twice. So he did not go to a show that evening, but remained in the hotel reading-room where the enemy, if watching for him, could not very well reach him. Next day he cleaned up the town and went on to Tinkertown by the early evening train. Tinkertown was a small place in comparison to the average run of places he had on his list and as his directions embraced only three business houses, he felt that he would not stay there very long. There were only two hotels, and as the rates were the same at both Sam got into the bus of the Howard House.

He left his trunk at the station and took only his sample-case with him. The hotels faced each other on the opposite sides of the street. He was shown to a room on the ground floor. His fanlight was open, and everything that passed in the corridor outside was easily heard by him as he sat in his room reading a Chicago paper he had purchased at the station. He hadn't been in his room many minutes before he heard the hotel boy coming along with a lady in tow. They stopped at the door of the room next to his. Then he heard the lady's voice, and from its tones he judged she was young. There was a sad ring in her voice, and Sam heard the boy ejaculate, "Is that so? You needn't tip me, miss. I don't want to rob you."

"Take it," Sam heard the lady say. "I have no further use for money."

"What do you mean by that, miss?" asked the boy, suspiciously.

"You wouldn't understand if I told you," she almost wailed.

"How do you know I wouldn't?"

"I have suffered a great wrong and my heart is broken. I shall end it all to-night, here in this room."

Sam heard something fall on the floor. The young lady had dropped her handbag. It snapped open, and the hotel boy saw the butt of a revolver. That settled the matter with him. Instead of trying to secure the weapon, as he ought to have done, he backed out of the room, intending to see the boss at once and tell him how things stood in Room 23. As soon as he passed the threshold, the young lady shut the door and bolted it. At that moment one of the maids came along the corridor on the way to her room at the top of the house.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" she asked. "You look scared."

"You'd be scared, too, if you knew what I do."

"What do you know?"

"I just brought a young lady to No. 23."

"Did that frighten you?" laughed the girl.

"Of course not. It was what she said and what I saw in her bag."

"Tell me what she said and what you saw in her bag," said the chambermaid, curiously.

"She's awfully down in the mouth, and hasn't a cent left. She made me take her last quar-

ter as a tip. Said she had no more use for money. Somebody had done her a great wrong and her heart was broken. She's going to commit suicide in half an hour with a pistol she's got in her bag."

The chambermaid uttered a suppressed scream.

"You're joking with me, Jimmy, aren't you?"

"I wish I was, but it ain't no joke. I'm going to tell the boss right away."

"Then you'd better hurry. It would ruin the name of this hotel if she shot and killed herself here. Mr. Love has all he can do now to hold his own against the hotel over the way. Run quick."

Jimmy flew down the stairs to the office, where the proprietor was working on his account, while the chambermaid rushed upstairs to tell the other girls about the impending tragedy. Sam had heard enough to satisfy himself that there was going to be trouble in Room 23. The fact that the new occupant was a young lady, possibly pretty, and in such great distress that she contemplated taking her own life as the only way of escaping her mental misery, impelled him to see what he could do. He opened his door and came out into the corridor. To knock on the young lady's door and try to get into conversation with her was a delicate matter for him—a complete stranger to her—to undertake. Still the case was too serious to admit of his standing on ceremony. He knocked.

"Who's there?" asked a sweet voice.

"A guest of the house. My room adjoins yours on the left."

"What do you want?"

"I overheard some of your talk with the bell-boy, and you appear to be in great trouble. I thought I would see if I couldn't do something for you."

"You can't do anything, sir. Go away, please."

"But you seem to be in a desperate frame of mind. I heard the boy say that you intend to shoot yourself."

No answer was returned.

"Do you really mean to do anything like that?" Silence

At that moment there was a sound of rapid footsteps on the stairs. The proprietor, looking excited and upset, hove into sight, followed by the hotel boy.

"Has she shot herself?" he groaned, on seeing Sam outside the door of No. 23.

"No. I have been talking to her. She seems determined on her purpose."

"Oh, heavens. She mustn't do it. It will put my hotel out of business. My rival, on the other side of the way, will have the laugh on me. We must break open the door."

The young lady was evidently listening on the inside, for she called out:

"If you make any attempt to break open the door I will shoot myself at once. I am holding the cocked revolver against my heart."

On hearing her say that the hotel man almost collapsed.

"What shall we do?" he quavered.

Sam couldn't tell him, for the occupant of the room was master of the situation.

"She told me that if she had \$100 to sue the

man who had robbed her of her savings it would save her," put in the bell-boy.

"Did you say that?" asked Sam, wondering if he could borrow that sum from one of the business houses he would call on next morning.

"Yes. It would save me," replied the lady, plaintively. "I would repay it as soon as I won my suit."

"If you'll hold off till to-morrow I'll try to get it for you," said Sam.

"No, no; I couldn't wait. The uncertainty would drive me crazy. I must have the money now, in my hand. Then I could sleep and feel that I have a chance yet."

"I'm a stranger in town. I couldn't get it until to-morrow under any circumstances."

"Then go away, all of you. Inside of five minutes all will be over."

"Don't do it. Don't do it," cried the hotel man. "I'll loan you the money if you will promise not to shoot yourself."

"Put the money in over the transom, and I will promise."

"Will you pass out your revolver?"

"I will."

The proprietor ran downstairs to get the money. While he was away Sam got the young lady to tell a part of her unhappy story. He found that a faithless lover figured in it as well as a swindling guardian. Both misfortunes coming upon her at the same time, had driven her frantic. The proprietor came hurrying back with the money—ten \$10 notes. Sam brought a chair from his room, and the hotel man stood on it.

"Hand me up the revolver," he said, inserting his arm.

"Drop the money on the floor," said the young lady.

The hotel man dropped it, and she picked it up, counted it and put it in her pocket.

"I am deeply grateful to you, sir, for this small loan, and will return it to you by registered letter as soon as I have made my guardian repay the money he is keeping from me. Here is the revolver. Put it in your pocket. Now, good-night. Have me called at seven so I can catch the train for Shelbyville. I shall ever remember you in my prayers."

The hotel man looked relieved when he shoved the weapon in his pocket. The reputation of his house was saved. He and the boy went downstairs, and Sam re-entered his room. The young salesman, now that the excitement was over, began to wonder who the young lady was. The bellboy had told him that she was very pretty. All at once it occurred to him that \$100 was a small thing to stand between the young lady and suicide. She professed to need the money to begin suit against her guardian, whom she asserted had robbed her of all her savings. If the girl really had a good case, were there not lots of cheap lawyers who stood ready to assume all the expenses of such a suit on a commission basis?

"By George! the matter begins to look funny to me. She quieted right down as soon as the \$100 was passed in to her, and she handed over the weapon without any hesitation. Maybe she's a grafter, and this whole thing was a game on

her part to squeeze the landlord out of \$100. I think I'll go downstairs and have a talk with the proprietor."

When he reached the office he found the hotel man with the revolver in his hand, staring at the cartridges he had withdrawn from the chamber. They were dummy cartridges and perfectly harmless. The bullet consisted of a rounded bit of hard soap, colored with black lead, and the interior of the shells were innocent of the smallest grain of powder.

"That woman is a cheat and a fraud!" he cried. "She bluffed me out of that \$100. She had no more idea of killing herself than I have, as these fake cartridges prove. Jimmy, call the porter. I'll go upstairs and break in the door if she refuses to return that money. Hold on, never mind the porter. Run to the station-house and fetch a policeman around here. I'll have her arrested. She shan't have the satisfaction even of spending the night in my house."

Jimmy started off to get the officer. Sam looked at the cartridges and laughed.

"You were nicely taken in," he said. "And I'd have been the victim if I'd had the money about me. I really sympathized with the poor girl. The story she told me had me going. And to think I'm supposed to be smart! This is one on me in spite of the fact that circumstances prevented me from being fleeced."

When the policeman appeared all hands marched upstairs and the landlord knocked peremptorily on the door of No. 23. He received no reply, nor did a second pounding yield any response. The landlord grabbed the knob of the door to shake it when it opened. They entered and found the room vacant. The clever young lady had departed with her bag by the rear route, and the proprietor of the house was forced to pocket his loss, for he never saw her again.

CHAPTER IX.—In the Hands of the Enemy Again.

Sam was up early and by noon had called on the three business houses on his list, doing business with all of them. Then he hired a horse and rode to a large nearby village where he made several sales on terms satisfactory to the people he interviewed. On his way back four horsemen suddenly rode out of a covert of tall bushes and surrounded him. He was taken completely by surprise, and before he could do anything he was yanked off his horse, gagged and bound. He knew that he was again in the power of his persevering enemies, and the thought was far from cheerful. Sam was bound across his own horse and the party started off down a branch road, one of the men leading the animal that carried their prisoner. They had gone about a mile when a farm wagon, driven by a boy, came in sight. The party of rascals stopped and pushed the led horse against the fence, the others gathering around to prevent the driver of the wagon from seeing Sam's figure. The wagon passed and the party proceeded again.

Several times they had to resort to the strata-

gem of hiding the boy from sight when vehicles came into view. So the afternoon passed and five o'clock came. During the trip the men consulted as to the boy's fate. It was to be death, of course—that was understood, but they did not know the method they would take. They could easily have taken him into the woods and hung or shot him, but they did not seem to want to do that. The leader suggested binding one of his arms to his side, putting a noose loosely around his neck and tying the other end to a stout bough which he would be told to grasp with his free arm. There he was to be left to meet his fate when his grip on the bough gave out, as it was bound to do in time. The objection to this advanced by the rest was that someone might come through the woods before his strength gave out and save him.

"He's a lucky rooster, you know," said Bill Butler. "Something might turn up in his favor, and the police would have a clew to us again."

As dusk began creeping over the landscape they came to a small deserted farm.

"We had better stop here," said Bill. "Our horses need water and I see a well yonder."

"Ride into the back yard," said Carsey.

The party did so. While the others were pulling up water in an old bucket, Carsey and Butler were in consultation.

"We'll put his feet in the bucket and tie him, bound as he is, to the rope, after which we'll lower him into the well. The water probably isn't deep enough to cut him off from a rescue. He'll stay there till he gives up the ghost, and when he's found one of these day no one will be able to guess how he came to be down there," said the leader.

Butler thought the idea a good one, but insisted that some one was likely to come to the well after a drink before the boy petered out and he would be saved.

"Well, have you any better idea?" asked Carsey, impatiently.

"Break into the house, and if it has a cellar tie him there. There is less chance of any one finding him there than down the well."

"Never mind the cellar. We'll take him up in the garret and work the trick that I suggested in the woods. Tie the noose to the most convenient beam and make him hold on to it. He'll be dead long before midnight."

The proposition was submitted to the others, and it was agreed to. Sam was released from the horse, and compelled to enter the deserted farmhouse and walk up to the attic floor. A box was brought and he was forced to stand on it. His ankles were tied together, and one arm bound to his side. A noose was rigged around his neck and the other end tied to the beam.

"Now then, young fellow, we're going to pull the box from under your feet. If you want a chance for your life you'll grab that beam and hold on with one hand," said Carsey. "Whenever you get tired of holding on you can let go and hang yourself; but as long as you can hold on you'll be safe enough."

Sam could not answer him on account of the gag. There was no recourse for him but to catch hold of the beam if he wanted to extend his span of life, so he did so, and then Carsey pulled the

box from under him and left him hanging three feet from the floor. That threw his entire weight upon his right arm, and he knew that it wouldn't be long before his muscles would give out, and then he would drop and be slowly strangled to death.

From the point of physical suffering this fate was worse than the one he faced on the railroad track. Had he not been rescued that time all would have been over with him in an instant. Now death would come slow as he struggled for breath which the tightened noose would shut off. The gang stood around and watched him, speculating on how long he could hold out, then Carsey started downstairs, followed by the others. At the last moment Sanderson weakened.

"I'll give you a chance for your life," he whispered, "for I don't want your blood on my head."

He seized the box and shoved it under Sam's feet. Then he hurried after his companions. Sanderson didn't think that he had practically relieved the boy. All the young salesman had to do was to shove his free hand into his pocket, pull out his knife, open the big blade with his teeth, and cut himself loose. He did not do this at once, but waited for the men's footsteps to die away below. From the elevated position he stood in he could see a part of the road in front of the house through the window. When the train robbers rode out of the yard and started on their way, after freeing Sam's horse, the boy caught sight of the two of them on the outside. That was enough. He waited no longer, and the bunch were hardly out of sight before he stepped off the box, leaving the noose suspended from the beam.

"That fellow with the sandy hair saved my life," he said to himself, as he walked downstairs. "When he's captured, as he is bound to be, when the others are caught, I'll stand by him and get him off if I can, or at least a light sentence. He isn't as bad as the others, and should profit by it."

It was nearly dark now. Sam knew he was a long way from Tinkertown, and when he got outside he could find no trace of his horse. His impression was that the rascals had carried the animal off with them.

"I'll have to walk along the road till I come to a house," he thought, "and ask for supper and a night's lodging. My sample case has gone with my horse, and I'll have to buy a new one and stock it from my trunk when I get back to Tinkertown. Well, things might be a whole lot worse with me. I might have experienced all the horrors of slow strangulation. I guess I must have been born under a lucky star to escape a horrible death twice at the hands of those scoundrels."

He started along the road in the gloom. The night was not so dark, as the stars were out. After a ten minutes' tramp he came upon his horse, nibbling grass by the roadside. His sample case was tied to the saddle behind as he had fixed it.

"Here's luck," he cried, in a tone of great satisfaction. "I won't have to walk after all, nor have to pay for the animal on my return to Tinkertown. Things have panned out all right."

He rode up to a farm-

house and asked the farmer if he could accommodate him with supper.

"I'll pay you whatever you think is right," he said.

"Come right in, young man," said the farmer, in a hospitable way. "I dunno as I'll charge you anything. Are you a traveling peddler?"

"No. I'm a traveling salesman. I don't sell anything, only take orders for goods from the big dealers."

"Oh, that's it. Where you been—over to Brookland?"

"No. I've been down the road a bit as far as a vacant farmhouse. I dare say you know the place."

"Sure I do. That's the Johnson farm. Ain't had a tenant these two years. What took you there?" he added, curiously.

"I went there because I couldn't help myself."

"How was that?" asked the farmer, in surprise.

"It's something of a story."

"John, take this horse over to the stable and feed and water him. Come in, young man. What might be your name? Mine is Whipple."

"Sam Greene. I belong in Chicago, where I live with my mother and two sisters when I'm not on the road."

Sam was introduced to the farmer's wife and his son and daughter. Supper was on the table waiting for the men folks to come in and eat it. Sam was hungry and postponed his story until the meal was over, but between bites he entertained the family with anecdotes of life on the road. By the time supper was over he had made himself exceedingly popular with the family. Then he began his story, going back to the afternoon of the hold-up. The Whipples had read about the hold-up in the papers, and remembered that a boy and a trunk figured in it. They were astonished when Sam told them he was the boy, and that the trunk in question was at the Howard House in Tinkertown.

"Do you expect to go on there to-night?" asked the farmer.

"I guess that is what I've got to do," replied Sam.

"You can stay here all night and start out in the morning, if that will suit you."

"Thanks. It will suit me first rate."

He then proceeded with his story. When he related how he was carried off down the river from Kansas City in the schooner by the train robbers, who tied him to the track expecting he would be run over and crushed by the freight train, the Whipples were quite staggered. After telling how he had miraculously escaped death through the coming of the three railroad men on the handcar, who reached him in the nick of time, he brought his story down to that afternoon. He explained how the four remaining robbers still at liberty had been following him right up, and had caught him on the road on his return from the village. He told how they had carried him, bound on his horse, to the deserted farmhouse, taken him to the garret and practically hung him to a beam there. He finished his story by narrating how one of the men's conscience induced him to push the box

back under his feet, and that the act had saved him.

"Upon my word, young man, you're as lucky as a cat in falling on your feet. Do you think you'll be able to ketch them men this time?" said the farmer.

"I hope so. As long as they are out of jail they are a standing menace to me. I am really not safe. When they learn I've escaped with my life again, I'm afraid if they ever get another chance they'll make short work of me."

"Then you'd better make a strong effort to have them arrested."

"I intend to."

As the farmer refused to take any pay from Sam for his supper, night's lodging and breakfast, the boy opened his sample case and told him to help himself to anything he thought would prove useful to him. The farmer accepted his offer, but would only take two articles. Some other things he wanted he insisted on paying for. Then Sam bade the family good-by, mounted his horse and started for Tinkertown.

CHAPTER X.—A Hard Customer to Handle.

On reaching Tinkertown, Sam communicated with the police at once and told his story, together with all the facts leading up to it. He described the four train robbers, and mentioned the direction they went in. The head of the police telegraphed on to a number of places, including Shelbyville and Branchville. Sam left a memorandum of his route so he could be communicated with, and then went on his way once more. His next stopping place was Elsworth, a good-sized manufacturing town. There were a dozen houses here that were on his list. He put up at the Darien House, and started out at once to drum up trade. The first place he visited he was directed to the manager. The moment Sam looked at him he saw he was up against a grouch.

"Mr. Gibson, I believe?" said the young salesman, politely.

"Allow me to hand you my card. I represent——"

"Good-day."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Did you——"

"I said good-day."

"Yes, sir, it is a very fine day indeed. I will show you my line of samples."

"I don't want to see them."

"Eh?" said Sam, putting his hand to his ear as if he were hard of hearing.

"I said I don't want to see them!" roared the manager.

"You want to see them? Of course, I am about to show them to you," and the boy had his case open in a jiffy.

"Will you get out?"

"Certainly you can take them out. That's a very fine——" and Sam began to enumerate the merits of one of his best sellers. "You'll make no mistake by ordering a gross or two of these. Our price is——" and Sam mentioned the figure. "Shall I put you down for two gross?"

"Confound it!" howled the manager. "I don't want any."

"You don't want so many, you say? Well, we'll make it one gross, then," and Sam wrote in despair.

"Can't you hear what I tell you?" he shouted.

"Hear! Of course I can. You said one gross and I put that down. Now I'll show you this—it's a corking good article and sells like hotcakes. A man in Branchville took six gross the moment he looked at it."

Sam glibly ran over the merits of that particular article and then said.

"How many gross will you take?"

The manager fairly glared at him. Then he wrote something on a pad and shoved it under Sam's nose. It ran:

"I don't want any of your confounded goods. Leave my office."

Sam laughed.

"You don't mean that, sir. I can see with half an eye that you're taken with my line of goods. If I thought you meant it I wouldn't take up another moment of your time. I'm not deaf. I was just playing on you to see how you'd take it. Now let me show you my line, and if you don't admit I've got the best sellers on the market I'll hand you that \$10 bill. It's only fair to me, now I am in here, to let me try to do business with you. In any case a rival of yours across the street, who has taken a great shine to my goods, told me I couldn't sell you an old toothpick. I want to prove to him that he doesn't know you at all."

"That was Mason. Did he tell you that?"

"He certainly did, and a lot more. He said you never took any stock in up-to-date hardware specialties, but stuck to the old things that were going slower than molasses these days. He says he's got your number down pat."

"He said that, eh?"

"And he's going to throw you into the shade with a full line of my goods."

"Throw me into the shade!" sputtered Gibson. "I'll show him I'm as up-to-date as he is himself. Let me see your samples."

Sam had gained his point. He lost no time in exhibiting and puffing up the merits of his samples, and the orders followed one another on his order sheet in rapid succession. In half an hour Gibson had bought a large bill of goods, and Sam got his signature down in black and white. Then he shook hands with the manager, told him on the quiet that he had a more complete and better line of staples than his rivals, and took his leave.

"Whew! that was the hardest pull I ever had to gain a new customer," he said, as he crossed the street and entered Mason's store.

He asked for the proprietor and was shown into his room.

"What can I do for you, young man?" said Mason, in a business-like tone.

"Here is my card, sir. I have a fine line of hardware specialties I want to show you. They represent the very latest things in the line, and no wholesale dealer, who wants to keep abreast of the times, can afford to be without them."

"I have been carrying a line of goods from

Doubleday & Co., of St. Louis, for the last five years and I don't care to make any change."

"That is what Mr. Gibson across the street said," replied Sam. "He assured me that I wouldn't be able to do any business with you at all. He's going to outshine you this fall, for he's given me a large order for our best goods, which he said are superior in every way to anything that Doubleday & Co. ever put out."

"Going to outshine me, is he? I guess not. He's an old foggy and a grouch."

"That doesn't look like it, sir," and Sam exhibited Gibson's order. "When he gets those goods on his shelves and in his window he's going to make you sit up and take notice. If you stick to the Doubleday line he is going to get some of your business away from you. Whether you believe it or not he is bound to do it with our line."

"Huh! Think yours are superior to Doubleday & Co.'s, eh?"

"I know they are. I can also see that you are no fool, Mr. Mason. Just look over what I've got, and if you don't agree with me I'll pay for the best dinner in town and you and I will eat it together."

"I'll look at your samples."

Sam opened his case and got his silver tongue going in fine shape. As a result he sold Mason a considerable bill of goods. Then he went on to the next store in his line and talked an order over there. He practically owned the town in the hardware specialties line when he finished up on the third day and took a train for Bluestone. At Bluestone he found a telegram awaiting him informing him that the four mail robbers had been nailed at a certain village and sent on to Kansas City, Mo., where the western headquarters of the express company was. That was good news and he went to work in high spirits. Just before supper that evening, while reading the Bluestone Evening News, he saw a long paragraph referring to the robbers.

The article stated that on the train to Kansas City, Carsey, the leader, had got away from the officer who had him in charge and jumped from the train. He was handcuffed, and the last seen of him he was rolling down a steep embankment like a ball. The train was stopped and two of the officers and several train hands rushed back to see whether he was killed or not. They could find no trace of him, and after some delay the train went on without him. This was not good news, for it indicated that the rascally leader had made his escape, and Sam was afraid he would hear from him before he got to Chicago, for the fellow knew the route he was following. However, there was no use worrying over the matter. He finished Bluestone next day and traveled on to Redwood.

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

He registered at the Glenwood House and began visiting the trade. When he got back to supper he went into the reading-room to see the papers. The only person in the room was a tall, well-built, pale and looking man in gar-

ments of a ministerial cut. He wore blue glasses, like a person whose eyes were weak. He edged up to Sam and opened up a conversation with him. He said his name was Rev. Moses Sleak, and that he was a missionary.

"I have just returned from the burning sun of India," he said. "My mission is to collect funds to extend our good work among the heathens," he added in deep and sanctimonious tones.

"Do you make your collections in churches, or do you canvass yourself?" asked Sam.

"In churches and through the efforts of our beloved brothers and sisters in the faith. I have come to Redwood to give a course of lectures on India and its inhabitants. The first of these lectures I shall deliver this evening in the basement of the Church of All Souls. I shall be delighted to have you accompany me and occupy a front seat. You will be greatly instructed. A screen has been put up on which moving picture films of many important places will be thrown for the edification of the audience and to illustrate my lecture."

"I dare say it will be very interesting," said Sam.

"The price of admission is fifty cents, but by going with me you will be admitted free to the best seats, which are a quarter extra."

"I might go, but I'm not a grafter. I am ready to pay my way."

"I may expect that you will go, then?" said the missionary.

"I guess so."

"Then I will meet you here after supper, or shall we go to supper together?"

"We will go together, if you wish."

A look of satisfaction shone over the missionary's face.

"Shall we go now?" he said.

"I promised to call on a customer this evening at his home," said Sam. "As I think I will take in your lecture I will call him up on the 'phone and let him know that I have another engagement."

"Do so and I will wait for you here."

Sam hied himself to the hotel booth and called up, not the alleged customer, but the police department. To say the truth, he was suspicious of the Rev. Moses Sleak. He had an idea that he had been talking to the escaped leader of the train robbers. Several little things he had noticed about the presumed missionary had given him that idea. He told the man at the desk at headquarters that he believed the escaped Jim Carsey was at the Glenwood house disguised as a clergyman-missionary. And he also felt certain that if his surmise was right that the man was figuring on doing him up if he could.

"He has invited me to attend a lecture to be given by himself this evening in the basement of the Church of All Souls. I wish you'd have a detective come to the hotel and follow me. If this missionary is really the robber in disguise you will have the chance to arrest him. I shall be on my guard against him, but it is better to make sure than of it," said Sam.

The young salesman told the officer to instruct the detective to ask the clerk at the desk to point him and the Rev. Mr. Sleak out so he would

know how to shadow. He was told that a sleuth would be assigned to the job.

Then Sam went back to the missionary and they went in to supper together. They left the hotel at half-past seven, but before going Sam inquired at the desk if anybody had asked to have him and the clerical individual pointed out to him. The clerk said Yes, and showed Sam the detective standing not far away. Sam and the Rev. Mr. Sleak proceeded on their way. The boy noticed that his companion led him up a lonesome block where there was a vacant lot. Suddenly the missionary drew a slungshot and aimed a blow at Sam's head. The boy dodged and caught him by the wrist. Carsey, for it was indeed he, sprang on the boy and bore him to the ground. Sam put up a desperate struggle to save himself. He looked for the detective to come to his aid. For several minutes the contest between them continued, and then Carsey's strength began to tell.

Sam uttered a cry for help as a signal to the sleuth. The detective, who had lost track of them for the time being, heard his shout and came running up. Then Carsey found himself between two fires. He fought like a wild animal at bay, and the boy and officer had the greatest trouble in subduing him. Finally the handcuffs were snapped on his wrists and that settled him. Next morning he was on his way to Kansas City in charge of an officer. Sam was almost back to Chicago when he received word to attend the trial of the train robbers. He went on to Dexter where the trial was to take place. He was the chief witness against the bunch and they were easily convicted.

Sam then interviewed the district attorney to secure clemency for Sanderson, who had saved his life. After some trouble he got the man's sentence suspended, and Sanderson sought him out at his hotel and expressed his gratitude. Sam was then called to attend the special trial of Carsey, Pete, Bill and Ben for their attempt to murder him on the railroad track. This came off at Kansas City, and the rascals got twenty years each. Sam laid off work till the time came for him to go out again. But here we must leave him as our space will not permit of us following his subsequent successful career, and so we drop the curtain on the boy with the silver tongue.

Next week's issue will contain "PLAYING IN PLUCK; or, A PLOTTER'S DANGEROUS DEAL."

LISTEN IN!

A cheap but wonderful radio receiver will soon be described in this publication.

A little boy, who was very much puzzled over the theory of evolution, questioned his mother thus: "Mamma, am I descended from a monkey?" "I don't know," the mother replied. "I never knew any of your father's people."

CURRENT NEWS

BERLIN BURNS ITS DEAD

It costs less to be burned than to be buried in Germany—hence 35 per cent. of the dead of Berlin are now being cremated. Already the bodies of more than 200,000 Germans have been reduced to ashes in the various crematories. The bigger crematories of Berlin to-day are working 24 hours daily in eight-hour shifts.

LARGEST THERMOMETER

The largest thermometer in the world has been erected on the boardwalk near Michigan avenue, Atlantic City. It is fifty feet high, enabling promenaders a mile away to read the temperature. The mercury in the tube is ten inches wide and is operated by a system of small thermometers with electrical relays. Lights on the board indicate the temperature accurately and automatically.

FALCON FIGHTS A SEAMAN

When the Cunarder Albania, from London, was in midocean during a fierce hailstorm a big bird sought refuge on the mainmast.

Donald McDonald, able seaman and amateur ornithologist, recognized the bird as an unusually

large specimen of the peregrine falcon, known to some Americans as the duck hawk, and he went aloft after it. It is regarded as one of the swiftest and pluckiest of its breed, once much used in falconry, and it put up a gallant fight, clawing and pecking so badly that McDonald needed surgical attention after he brought the bird back to deck. He said it has a wing spread of four feet and a body twenty inches long. He will present it to the Bronx Zoo.

WOLF BOUNTIES BOUGHT HIS FARM

The world's record as a wolf and coyote hunter is claimed by Adam Lesmeister of Harvey, Pierce county, North Dakota, who in the last twenty-five years has slain nearly 9,000 of these animals in North and South Dakota. He has receipts to show that during the twenty-five years he has collected \$24,612.50 in bounties in the two States, more than \$21,000 coming from North Dakota. In addition he has been hired especially to kill the predatory animals by numerous ranchers. Lesmeister is the owner of a splendid farm near Harvey which he built up from bounties collected on the wolves and coyotes.

Oh, You Radiophans

Listen! Do you like the radio articles in this number? All right! If you do, show this weekly to your friends. Let them get in on it. We'd like to have them read this publication. You know we want them for new customers. Show 'em your copy and tell 'em what dandy radio stuff it contains. From time to time we are going to tell you how to make radios that won't cost much. There's a whole lot of fake radio hook-ups on the market. Spend your good money trying to make them, and you find they're N. G. The kind we give you are the genuine ones. Watch this page. Pretty soon we are going to publish an explanation of how to make a crackerjack little receiver cheap as dirt.

Held Down By Poverty

— OR —

A POOR BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

"And you're sure that Mr. Crossman will make good?"

"I'm sure that he will deny nothing to the boy who has rescued his only child," was the confident answer.

"I guess that's right, and I'll do what you want."

"Good," said Harry, feeling a sensation of triumph, and then he went to the desk and informed the man behind it that the prisoner was ready to confess and to give away his accomplices.

A notary was sent for and with an officer in attendance was soon taking down Ginger Jake's testimony in a back room. Harry had the police summon a taxi to the door, and telling them that he would return as soon as he had seen the girl safely home, he departed with Christine, who held his hand in hers all the way to her father's door.

A telephone message from the police had informed the commission merchant that his child was on her way home, and it had the effect of taking him out of bed, happy though tearful, and when the bell rang he opened the door himself and clasped Christine in his arms.

Harry let them have their joyful cry out, and then briefly told what had been done, and also informed the merchant of the promise he had made to Ginger Jake in his name. Mr. Crossman at once indorsed the scheme, and Harry said he would return at once to the police station to help the officers in any way that he could.

He was warmly thanked by the happy father, who had to shake hands with him again and again, and when Harry was going he held out his hand to Christine, but she put her arms around him in the sight of her smiling father and kissed him fairly on the lips.

With his head in a whirl Harry ran out of the house, and took the taxi back to the police station. There he found that Ginger Jake had made a full and complete confession which included the various members of the gang and also Griggs and Barrett and the dishonest truckman, Bill Strong.

A police magistrate was soon found, warrants were issued, and Harry could not deny himself the pleasure of going with the officers who were detailed to arrest Griggs and Barrett. The men were at their homes when the police called, and the expression of hatred on the face of the bookkeeper when the warrant was read to him, assured Harry that if Griggs could have killed him then and there he would have gone to the electric chair happy. It was one thing to be arrested for

his crime, but to have it brought about and done in the sight of the boy who had defeated all his recent thieving schemes and also won the affections of the pretty girl who had turned the head of the dishonest bookkeeper, added gall to the bitterness of the occasion.

Harry returned to Mr. Crossman's house for a delayed supper, as he had promised to do, and it was a very happy meal that the three sat down to, with the pretty girl looking her admiration of her plucky rescuer, and her father saying over and over again that it was all wonderful, and that before long he would have a very youthful partner in his business.

The rest is soon made known.

Secure in the promise made to him by the commission merchant, Ginger Jake no longer feared the vengeance of his former associates, and when the cases of all were tried he backed up his confession. Moreover, Barrett tried to gain clemency by confessing, although he failed to profit much by it, not getting much reduction in his sentence.

All were found guilty, and sentenced to various terms in state prison at hard labor, and there they are at the present time.

Harry was at once raised in salary in a most generous manner, and then he gratified his long cherished wish and installed his good mother in a neat home and put an end to her hard work.

Then he plunged into the details of the commission business, and in less than a year had so completely mastered them, and had shown such ability, that Mr. Crossman felt fully justified in taking him into partnership, much to the delight of Christine.

Harry does not neglect his mother, but it must be admitted that he passes more evenings at the house of his senior partner than he does at home, but the boy who was held down by poverty and found a brave battle to success, has his mother's promise that when he and Christine are married in a year or two, that she will make the fourth member of a happy family circle.

(The End.)

COMING NEXT WEEK!

A HIGHLY INTERESTING STORY

— ENTITLED —

Wrecked On The Desert

— OR —

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

Opening Chapters Next Week

HERE AND THERE

PET DOG FINDS LOST \$450.

The pet dog of Mrs. Snowden Maslin of 428 Highland avenue, Chester, Pa., brought back a roll of bills worth \$450, with which it had been playing for several days, quite unmindful of its mistress's frantic search for the money. Mrs. Maslin dropped the money last week while doing her housework.

ANCIENT "SKULL" PROVES A STONE

The supposed skull of the tertiary period found in Patagonia is simply a curiously shaped stone and of no scientific value, according to an announcement made by a committee of scientists of the Buenos Aires and La Plata museums of natural history, which has carefully examined it.

The supposed skull was discovered some time ago by Prof. J. G. Wolfe of La Plata University while in Patagonia. It was in the possession of a settler, who said he had found it near the sea and had taken it with him to the interior of Patagonia. Professor Wolfe, accompanied by Dr. Elmer S. Riggs of the Field Museum, Chicago, started for Patagonia recently to re-examine the object.

LIVED IN CHURCH TO SAVE

James M. King, who said he was a draughtsman of Salt Lake City, explained to policemen at Long Beach, Cal., that his action was caused by "high rents."

The police saw a light in a Methodist church at a time of night when no light should have been there. They found King frying ham and eggs over a small stove.

At the police station, where King was taken for investigation, the police said they found a considerable sum of money on him and a bank book showing deposits of \$1,500 in a Utah bank.

"Well," King is quoted, "it's the way; rents are so high I decided to live in the church for a while. I've slept there several nights and cooked my meals in the church kitchen."

INDIAN GIRL MARRIES

Miss Susie Meek belongs to the Sacand-Fox tribe and is a college graduate, and was living in her home in Oklahoma when recently she married Philip Frazer, of the Sioux tribe, and they will shortly make their home on the Sioux Reservation in South Dakota. After graduation Mrs. Frazer specialized in work among Indian girls in Indian schools. As soon as Mr. Frazer graduates from a theological school in Chicago they will begin their work on the reservation. Both Mr. and Mrs. Frazer will give lectures, dressed in Indian costumes, the programs will also be Indian, and the proceeds are to help defray his college expenses until he graduates. She says, "Indians of today desire higher education and the responsibility of citizenship, and we want the people to know the real Indian of today, especially the young, who are eager for progress."

WORKERS GET BONUS FOR BABIES

Ten dollars per baby, \$20 for twins and a special bonus of \$50 for triplets.

This is the standing offer of the Washburn Wire Company in East 118th street, New York, to its 700 employees. It is claimed the record of a bonus for babies, which was commenced in September, 1919, is better than that of the Monongahela Power and Railway Company, which recently announced in the *World* that it would present \$5 to each baby born to an employee during 1923.

During this period 230 male employees of the Washburn Wire Company have successfully claimed the bonus on behalf of their wives. The company employs only a few married women. Nine of these have received \$10 each. There have been four sets of twins, but no triplets. A director of the company laughingly told the *World* that they would have to hold a special board meeting to consider the size of the bonus in the event of quadruplets or quintuplets.

When the happy event takes place the mother receives ten new \$1 bills. The Hospital and Welfare Committee of the company delivers it to the wife at her home with a letter of congratulation from the President, Eugene R. Phillips.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

RADIO AND WEATHER

Relation of weather conditions to radio audibility is a point of interest to the broadcasting stations and to thousands of radio listeners.

As a result of work done by Nebraska Wesleyan University based on thunder storm reports furnished by the Weather Bureau, the investigators reached the conclusion that there is no relation between barometric pressure and audibility. High static audibility and a near-by thunder storm area, however, tend to reduce the audibility at the receiving station.

TRANS-ATLANTIC BROADCASTING

What is reported to be a successful attempt to bridge the Atlantic with a radiophone talk was recently made by the WOR station of L. Bamberger & Sons of Newark, N. J. The person who spoke into the transmitter was Sir Thomas Lipton, who was in the United States at that time. The speech was sent out on the usual 400-meter wave length, since WOR is a Class B radio broadcaster. Considerably more power than usual was employed for this attempt. The speech of Sir Thomas Lipton, as well as a vocal selection, were picked up and heard in the Selfridge store in London.

LIFEBOATS WITH RADIOS

When the giant liner Leviathan is turned over by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. to the United States Shipping Board the lifeboats will be unique among such boats the world over, for they will be completely equipped with a wireless sending apparatus. The big ship has two lifeboats.

The Leviathan carried thousands of our soldier boys across the water during the World War and there were no disasters, but there might have been. Now, if there should be, the radio would send its call to reach any vessel or port within a radius of 50 miles. Each boat is 35 feet long and is driven by a 75-horsepower motor.

AS TO AERIALS

An inverted "L" type of aerial gives you much better results than the "T" type, but, of course, there are local conditions where it is impossible to erect an "L" type of aerial. The value of the "T" type is that it receives equally well from all directions. It does not matter if the aerial is not level. In other words, it can be higher at one end than at the other without interfering with its efficiency. With a crystal detector set any one can easily add three pairs of telephones and might, under certain circumstances, be able to add more. The correct manner to put them in the circuit is in series with each other. They must not, under any circumstances, be put in parallel.

ETHER VIBRATES WORDS

Little do people realize that the air is continually vibrating with words traveling along through the homes of all at the speed of 186,000 miles a second. The naval communications service transmitted about 4,500,000 words during the first quarter of the fiscal year 1923. The navy's part of this number was 3,000,000. The next largest user was the Department of Agriculture with nearly 500,000 words.

In the calendar year the navy handled a total of 15,768,308 words for the Government through its shore stations. Naval orders and dispatches took up 10,884,217 words and the balance of nearly 5,000,000 words was for other departments. Sixteen different bureaus used the naval radio service, including the White House and the House of Representatives.

RADIO PLUGS IN EACH ROOM

In keeping with the rapid progress of the radio movement, it will soon be possible to "listen in" from rooms of a large hotel in Minneapolis, Minn., which has contracted for the connecting of each of several hundred rooms with radio plugs. The guests will not have to invest in a receiving set, as headphones may be rented for a small fee from the clerk's office.

According to the plan of engineers who have worked on the scheme for several weeks, a massive aerial and three power receiving stations will be equipped in one of the top floors of the hotel. Each room will have a radio plug connected to one of the three receiving sets. Feasibility of the plan was proved recently when more than 100 rooms listened in on one concert.

The guest who wishes radio entertainment may call the office and a set of phones will be sent to him. Once connected in the plug, the set cannot be removed until released by a hotel employee, thus insuring against theft by any unscrupulous guest. A small fee is added to the hotel bill for the use of the receiving phones.

A GOOD LIGHTNING ARRESTER

A lightning arrester, approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, which will operate at a potential of 500 watts, is required, supplied with a proper ground of at least equal sized wire attached to a water pipe or connecting device buried in permanent moisture. A pipe driven down beside the building is not sufficient for a severe shock. A sheet of brass or copper three feet square deposited in the earth serves as a good ground. The wire should be attached to the pipe by an approved clamp as the permanency of a soldered connection is questionable.

The lightning arrester, if possible, should be installed on the outside of the building and near to the point where the wire to the radio receiver enters the building. The ground wire from the

lightning arrester should be carried as nearly in a straight line to the ground as possible. The lightning arrester should be away from the possibilities of gas, coal deposits, curtain or other combustible material. Proper groundings may be secured by attachment to the steel frames of large buildings or other grounded metallic work. The rules do not provide for installation of fuses or switches. If these are installed, they should be located on the lines between the lightning arrester and the receiving set. In no case should the ground wire be connected to gas pipes. During a lightning storm the set should be grounded so the static will have a direct path to the ground.

INCREASING HEARING RANGE

Radio amateurs who are unable to erect a satisfactory antenna, for any one of a score of reasons, may greatly improve the strength of their concerts or increase their hearing range by means of radio frequency amplification or a combination of both.

In cases where the receiving station is near the transmitting station the energy received is usually sufficient to reproduce sounds without radio amplification. When the receiving station is more remote the signal must be built up, or amplified, before it passes through the detector and the stages of audio amplification. If radio amplification is not used audio frequency amplification in these cases is frequently of little use.

The radio frequency method of amplification increases the strength of the incoming antenna currents through successive stages until it becomes of sufficient intensity to enable detection to take place. With the addition of one or two stages of audio frequency amplification a current of sufficient strength will be generated to actuate either telephone receivers or loud-speaking devices. In the circuit of the Radio Corporation of America there is introduced the corporation's radio frequency transformer, suitable for amplification of signals of both long and short wave lengths.

It has not been possible in former attempts to obtain radio frequency amplification to get the best results on certain wave lengths without sacrificing others.

With one model of the new transformer a range of from 200 to 5,000 metres is provided, while on the other model a range of from 5,000 to 25,000 metres is obtained.

In the circuit the antenna is turned to the wave length of the desired signal and this signal is amplified through the primary of a standard receiving set connected to the plate circuit of the last radio frequency amplifier tube. It is then transferred through the secondary circuit to the detector tube, in which regeneration may be accomplished and controlled as desired.

One decided advantage of using this circuit is that oscillators in the detector tube circuit cannot find their way back through the radio frequency amplifier to the antenna circuit. This prevents the antenna from radiating energy, preventing a common source of interference between several receiving sets located near one another.

If a potentiometer is not used the filament rheostat should be placed in the positive leg of the filament circuit instead of the negative.

A NEW RADIO ALPHABET

Announcement was made recently by Major-General George O. Squire, chief signal officer of the army, of the invention of a new universal alphabet for use in radio, land lines and submarine cables.

Attempt will be made to perfect the invention, General Squire said, and to have it considered and adopted at the next international conference of experts on the radio and telephone.

This invention, which already has been tried out by the Signal Service, and a form of which actually has been transmitted over the cables by the British post-office, is 2.65 times faster than the international code perfected by Professor Morse more than eighty years ago.

He said that the increasing use of ether lanes has given rise to necessity for their conservation, and that the proposed improvement in the sending of messages not only would make it possible to send messages faster, but also would help to clear the ether of disturbances which interfere with any form of radio receiver yet devised.

The proposed new alphabet does not contemplate an actual change at present in the Morse alphabet as regards the combinations of dots, dashes and spaces assigned to each letter, but refers, General Squires said, "to the study of the correct method of sending these combinations in and circuit, whether radio, land lines or submarine cables. The problem is the same in each of these three branches, but it is much more serious in radio for the reason of the necessary broadcasting properties thereof."

Instead of sending a broken current, cut up into the clicks that may now be heard over the telegraph, General Squire proposes to send an unbroken current through the wires and ether lanes and then proposes a means for interpreting this current into intelligible signals. The present state of experiment of this subject has justified his belief, General Squire says, that the new system will be universally adopted in time.

The manner in which the various signals sent in this unbroken current are distinguished is by varying the intensity of the individual sending elements. "That is," said General Squire, "a dot, dash or space occupied equal time elements, but were of different intensities."

It has been found that what is known as a sinusoidal wave is transmitted through any form of electrical circuit without distortion of any kind, and it is with the varying intensities of this wave that the invention deals.

General Squire also pointed out in the paper that his method of transmitting messages offers a plausible solution of the problem of interference and of static elimination, and also of multiplexing a single radio frequency channel.

BUILD YOUR OWN RADIO!

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE

A bad toothache, says a chemists journal, may be relieved quickly by means of a mixture of equal parts of benzyl, alcohol and chloroform. A few drops of the mixture are placed on a piece of cotton wool, and the saturated material is inserted into the tooth cavity. The action of the medicament is almost instantaneous and lasts for quite a long time, which is not the case with any other medicament, with the exception of cocaine.

"WAR PAINT" FLOWER

One of our earliest flowers is the bloodroot or Indian paint. Break the stem of flower or root and you discover the reason for the name, for there immediately flows from the wound a reddish fluid which somewhat resembles blood and will stain whatever it comes into contact with, says *Nature Magazine*. It is said that this juice was once used by the Indians as a war paint and, mixed with sugar, by mothers as a cure for their children's coughs and colds.

13 GAGGED CHILDREN SHIPPED IN BOXES

When marine police at Soochow, a canal port about sixty miles west of Shanghai, China, went aboard a junk and opened two boxes believed to contain dry goods, they found inside thirteen boys and girls, ranging in age from seven to twelve bound, gagged and consigned to Shanghai. An aged woman in charge of the boxes was arrested.

The discovery clears up numerous recent kidnappings and discloses that an organized band of abductors has been at work. The police were called when a passing boatman heard the smothered cry of a boy who had contrived to dislodge his gag.

TOWN IS TO BE SOLD TO HIGHEST BIDDER

An entire town, South Rosedale, Carr's Inlet, near Gig Harbor, Wash., is for sale to the highest bidder.

Forty years ago, H. E. White, famous Puget

Sound pioneer, while tramping across the hills, happened upon a valley where the temperature was unusually warm, where berries were ripe and roses bloomed weeks in advance of other adjacent sections. He decreed there should be a town. He gained title to the peninsula, built a home, store and a dock, and named the place South Rosedale. For years the place was a profitable trading point and large quantities of merchandise were unloaded in exchange for the products of the land and woods. The founder passed on, but the town has since thrived.

The title passed to Woodburn MacDonald, who installed electric lights, telephones, power plant, warehouses, a plant conservatory, radio, new roads, and a flower park. He now announces the town is for sale.

LAUGHS

"What is the price of a half-pint bottle?" asked a prospective customer. "A nickel," answered the druggist, handing the desired article across the counter. "But it costs you nothing if I put something in it." "Then put in a cork, please," responded the customer.

An Irish contractor had the misfortune to run his car over an old man who had a bottle of bluing inside his coat. Jumping from his car and seeing the fluid rapidly staining the old fellow's breast, he cried to his friend: "Finnegan, it'll go harrud wid us! We've killed wan o' thim blue-blooded Yankees!"

Tailor—The postal service is in a wretched condition. Friend—Never noticed it. Tailor—well, I have. During last month I sent out one hundred and eighty statements of account, with requests for immediate payment, and, so far as I can learn, not more than two of my customers received their letters.

A traveler, whose train had stopped at a town famous for its buns, beckoned to a small boy on the platform, and, giving him ten cents, told the little fellow to bring him a bun and buy one for himself with the other nickel. The boy soon returned. Calmly eating a bun he handed five cents to the astonished traveler, remarking: "There was only one left, boss."

A traveling theatrical company was starting to parade in a small New England town when a big gander from a farmyard near at hand waddled to the middle of the street and began to hiss. One of the double-in-brass actors turned toward the fowl and angrily exclaimed: "Don't be so quick to jump at conclusions. Wait till you see the show."

RADIO FANS!

A simple explanation of the way to make a wonderful one-lamp set will soon appear.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

TREADING ON LIONS

While pursuing guinea fowl in the Orange River Colony a Britisher had a dangerous adventure with lions. He was stumbling along a rocky ridge when suddenly he trod on something soft and instinctively took a spring.

Before he could look around a fearful growling was heard and two lion cubs, about as large as spaniels, became visible, evidently in a fury at being so roughly disturbed. Next moment the Briton became aware of a lioness rapidly but cautiously making for him.

There was no time to put bullets into the gun and he quickly decided to stand still till it became clear that the lioness meant to seize him. Then, as a last chance, he would send a charge of shot at her head in the hope of blinding her at least.

In a few moments the brute was within four yards or so of him, growling and showing her teeth. He wished himself anywhere but there, but forced himself to stand motionless.

Luckily the cubs joined their dam and she halted to notice them a moment. She came on a few steps, looking ugly, but halted again, then turned slowly around and, followed by the cubs, made for a huge boulder twenty yards distant and lay down behind it, as he could see by the tail tuft which protruded beyond the rock.

Then the Britisher's hunting blood was up. He loaded his gun, kicked off his shoes and climbed the great boulder. He was within three yards of the lioness, which instantly discovered him and crouched to charge. Taking careful aim at her breast, the man fired and killed her.

The "boys" at the wagon heard the firing and came up. The two cubs were soon caught, at the expense of a few bites and scratches. They took the creatures to camp, where they were kept for several months. They were eventually sold to an American skipper.

CANADA BUILDING GOOD ROADS

Highways are being flung across Canada. Vast agricultural tracts that sprawl out from Winnipeg to the Rockies are becoming a network of roads that stretch like thin white ribbons to the horizon.

Canada believes that good roads are as essential of rapid agricultural and industrial expansion. The Canadian government, accordingly, has appropriated \$20,000,000 to be used in construction of main highways and market roads. It is to cover operations for five years.

Under the terms provinces initiate and carry out the road building and the dominion government, on approval of the plans, contributes 40 per cent. of the cost. This guarantees standardization of roadways and places only 60 per cent. of the expense on the provinces. Results are most gratifying.

The general campaign includes international automobile roads which will cement even more closely the trade relations between the United States and Canada. A highway from Ottawa to

Sarnia, across the river to Port Huron, where the Victory highway cuts across Michigan, is being laid out by the Ontario Highway Association. This links up with the Lincoln highway, which crosses the Jefferson highway near Ames, Iowa. The Jefferson highway runs from New Orleans to Winnipeg, "the trail from the pines to the palms."

WHERE DOES COLUMBUS REST?

The dispute over the final resting place of the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus has broken out with renewed vigor.

Thirty years ago the Spanish Academy of History after an investigation alleged to be exhaustive decided that the body of America's discoverer lay in the Cathedral of Seville. But this decision authoritative as was its source, did not quiet the dispute.

Santo Domingo refused to accept it. The historians of that island contended that the body of Christopher Columbus rests in the Santo Domingo cathedral. With the launching of a project to erect on the island a Columbus monument in the form of a lofty artistically designed lighthouse the controversy became more spirited.

Now comes another authority on Spanish history, Enrique Deschamps, making the unqualified assertion that Santo Domingo is right and the Spanish Academy of History wrong. When, in 1795, Mr. Deschamps says, the Spaniards were driven from Santo Domingo by the French they took with them to Havana a leaden casket supposed to contain the body of Columbus. But, in the opinion of Mr. Deschamps, this casket did not contain the body of Columbus but that of Columbus's son Diego. The sepulchers of father and son were close together in the cathedral, and in making the transfer the son's casket and not that of the father was taken to Havana and from there to Spain.

In corroboration of this assertion Mr. Deschamps avers that when the flooring of the Santo Domingo cathedral was replaced recently a leaden casket was found bearing the inscription: "The Illustrious and Enlightened Don Christobal Colon." The Seville cathedral casket bears no mark of identification, although the tomb has been inscribed by the Spanish authorities as that of Christopher Columbus. In the light of the Santo Domingo discovery Mr. Deschamps requests the Spanish Government to relabel the Seville sepulcher by substituting the name Diego for that of Christopher.

There the matter rests at present. But the debate is not ended. Controversies of this kind never end. Poor old Christopher! It seems that his ghost is destined to be the Flying Dutchman of tempestuous seas of controversy for all time. So much the more reason for building a lighthouse monument to his memory.

COMING SOON!

Directions to build a Flewelling radio set. Don't miss reading it.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

EIFFEL TOWER FOR LONDON

London is going to get abreast of Paris on its new tower—which is to be 600 feet high and built of concrete—at Wombly, the seat of the British Empire Exposition. It is not quite as high as the Woolworth Building in New York, but the proposed structure will give visitors to the exposition a panoramic view of the country for hundreds of square miles. It will be surmounted by a search light so powerful that it can be seen from the coast of France.

Visitors will be taken up the tower in a giant cage, which will rotate around the exterior at the rate of 14 miles an hour. Engineers predict that they will be able to see the lights of Birmingham, 115 miles from London, from the top.

QUEER "SWIMMERS"

Southern Kansas has in the past suffered from drought, hot winds, cyclones, grasshoppers, buffalo gnats, and various things to torment hunters, but the latest is found in Barbour County and is neither fish, flesh, nor reptile, although a mixture.

The report which comes says this thing is half fish, half reptile, and is creating havoc in a pond on a farm near Medicine Lodge, as the pond is alive with them, and several cows have died from being bitten by the creatures, which, some say, are a species of salamander. They have heads shaped like those of mud catfish, but have four legs and feet. The tail is long and flat. The fish-reptile swims by use of its tail, but at the bottom of the pond crawls on its legs. Just behind the head it has long feelers much heavier than those of a catfish.

WHERE THE DAY CHANGES

A great many people cannot see why when a man crosses the international date line in the Pacific Ocean, if he goes toward the east he loses a day, and if toward the west he gains a day—that is, if it, say, happens to be Tuesday just the same, if he crosses to the west it will be Monday. The distance he may have actually gone need be only a few feet, but it is true nevertheless. The actual time may be only a second's difference.

To understand this remember that we go from Monday to Tuesday at 12 o'clock at night—jump immediately from one day to another. Consider now that if a man could travel toward the east as fast as the earth rotates and if he started at midnight with the sun directly overhead, he would go completely around the earth in 24 hours at all, for the sun would always be just over his head and to him it would be 12 o'clock all the time if he measured time by the position of the sun. He would not experience any night at all, and so would never know of the day. But it has actually taken him 24 hours to get around, so the time zone has changed. His starting place again would be 12 o'clock noon, all

right, but would be a day later than when he started.

So it can be readily seen that some meridian on the earth's surface must be picked out as the starting point of a new day, and the chosen one lies almost entirely in the Pacific Ocean.

THE CREES RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING

The country around the lower stretch of the Nelson River was flat and insipid. It had long ago been stripped of timber, and except for a tiny stretch around the settlement was muskeg, that is to say, a quaking marsh. All the game too had long vanished, as had the very fish in the river; with winter a supply of caribou meat might be expected, but at this time all at the post were reduced to canned food.

Outside the post, for a mile along the bank, were dotted the wigwams of the Indians. These people were here for the summer only, selling their furs, getting winter supplies, and would leave again for their distant trapping grounds early in the fall. Their women and children were now with them, and all, though shod with moccasins, wore their European dress. These Indians are Crees, and like the rest are wards of the Canadian Government. When Canada took their country she became responsible for their future. In particular, she pays each one yearly \$5 in cash, and, in the words of the treaty, this will be paid "while the sun shines and water flows."

But how long for them will the sun shine? They are dying out. They have not the "will to live." In a certain district within recent times there were thirty thousand Indians. To-day there are three thousand; and the tale is everywhere the same. Our ways are not for them. It was an evil summer when they took to European clothes. Liquor would wipe them out like a prairie fire; but to the great credit of Canada there is no liquor at all here. But they drink tea to excess. They smoke tobacco to excess. The women and the little children smoke. Some are tubercular. And they all keep dying. Poor feckless devils! Our people treat them kindly, and in their way they like and appreciate us.

They even despise us! Where is the white man who can hunt and trap and paddle and bear burdens tirelessly as they. Where is he who has such eyesight, who can tell the weather, or the signs of bird, beast and fish? Where is the white man whose life they have not saved over and over again? They are honest and good natured, but their moral fiber has weakened. They loaf and slouch around the posts, and have the mentality of emotional children, and their delicate, weathered faces will soon be but a memory.

WATCH FOR THIS!

Full directions to build a powerful radio set will soon appear in this Weekly.

DRUM WIRELESS IN AFRICA

The natives of Darkest Africa—from the Cape to Cairo and the Niger to the Nile—have had an efficient wireless system of their own for centuries.

It is quite as effective as that which spans the Atlantic and has an additional advantage of not being bothered by the weather.

A bark drum is the sending instrument, and the African's acutely attuned ear, the receiver. From village to village by a series of drum beats, not unlike the dots and dashes of a code, the natives convey current news, announcement of battles, warnings of approaching enemies or epidemics and other subjects of interest to jungle denizens.

"Kaffir drum wireless," as it is popularly known, is operated almost exclusively in the stillness of the night when a tap on a tightly drawn skin is heard for many miles. The most detailed code has been worked out, and the speed with which the native wireless works has often amazed Europeans.

At night villages talk with each other, exchange gossip, make inquiries and get replies—all through the drum wireless.

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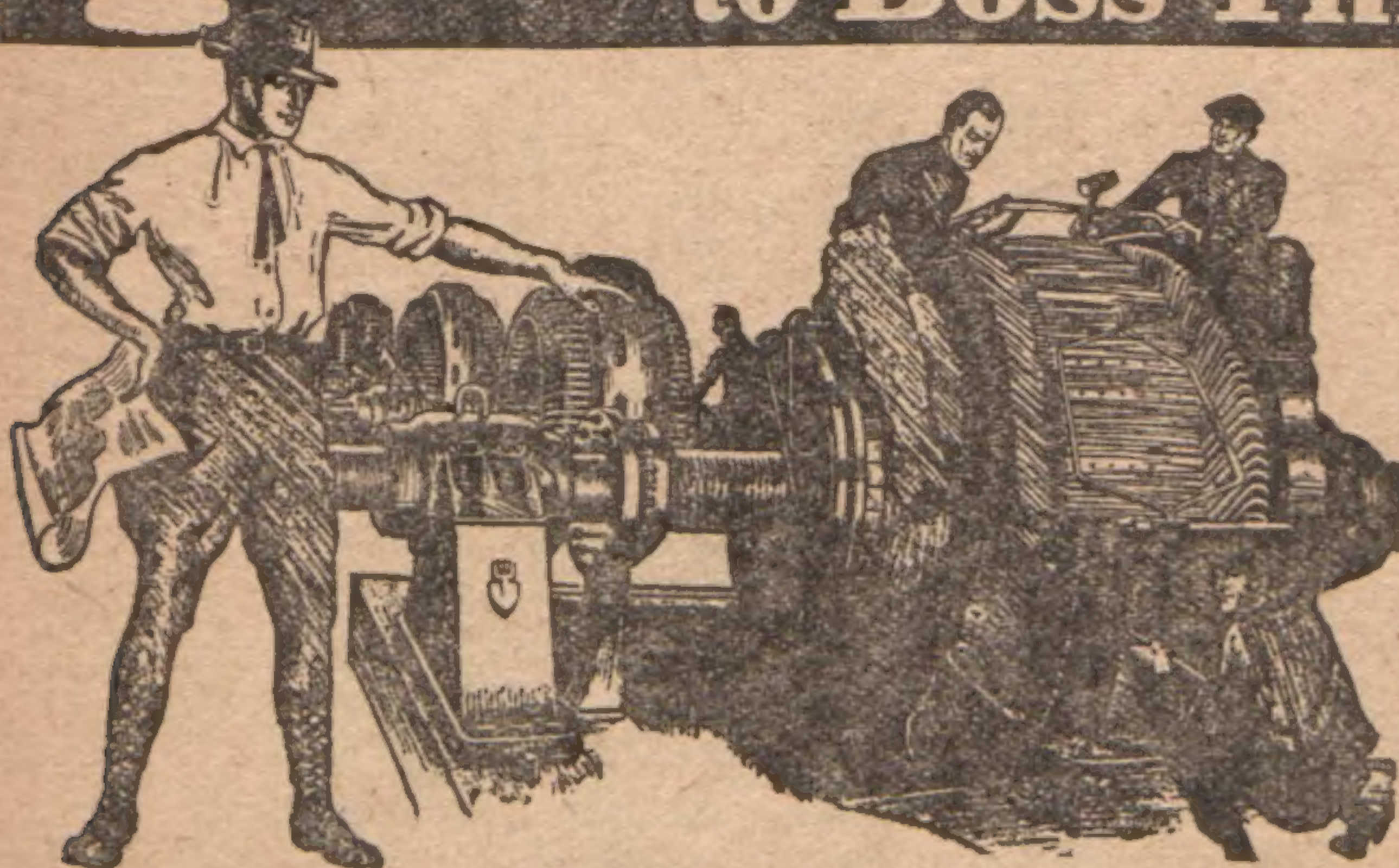
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